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### Original Papers.

#### AMERICAN SOCIETY AND THE WRITERS THEREON. SECOND PAPER.

ONE marked feature of our Gothamite society is its Sybaritism. We use the term rather than *luxury*, or many others nearly equivalent, which might have been employed, to express much outlay of money and effort for personal decoration and nourishment—for dress, furniture, eating and drinking—and a corresponding habit of fastidiousness in such things.

The favorite expenses of different nations are sufficiently easy to ascertain, and not unamusing to distinguish. Thus, an Englishman runs out into servants and horses; and after that, his delight is to have plenty of house-room, that he may never be unable to give a stray friend a spare chamber. But he is not generally particular in his dress, so that he be sure of two changes of linen a day; or in his table, provided it affords an abundance of substantial edibles and potatoes. The landowner, who numbers his domestics by dozens, and his hunters by tens, walks about among his retainers in rough shoes and shooting coat, and does the honors in his own drawing-room, dressed in simple black and white, without so much ornament as a gold chain or a ruffe. If he keeps a continental *artiste*, it is more for the sake of his guests than the delectation of his own palate; while as to his furniture—one of its chief recommendations to him is, that the greater part of it passed through the service of some generations of his ancestors before it came into his possession. Now, instal a Frenchman in such an establishment, and he would forthwith melt down a large proportion of the animals (human and other) about it into brocatel, gilding, and plate-glass; nor would he be unlikely to dispose a few of them over his own person in the shape of fancy chains, jewelled studs, or shirt and waistcoat embroidery. Now, the New Yorker, having all the Frenchman's fondness for jewellery and patent leather, superadds to it the one vanity of the Englishman—the inexhaustible supply of fresh linen; and similarly in his fare he unites the Englishman's profusion with the Frenchman's delicacy, besides a certain dis-

criminating taste in wine peculiar to himself. We believe our fashionables go to a greater proportional expense for eating and drinking than any similar class in the world. In furniture, the taste is very French, though even here we have a knack of combining the most expensive habits of both nations. A Frenchman, in furnishing his house, always has a tendency to run out largely into plate-glass—it is a characteristic trait of his vanity—he likes to see numerous multiplications of himself. On the other hand, he is sometimes vulnerable in the article of carpet, which is the Englishman's strongest point. The New Yorker has impartially adopted the one's love for numerous showy mirrors, and the other's predilection for comfortable and costly carpeting. Our towns-people certainly go to great expense for furniture, whether we consider the fortunes of the furnishers or the size and style of the houses furnished. We have known the mere internal painting and decorations—what a friend of ours calls the *Plattification* of a house—to cost nearly as much as the building, and the furniture to cost half as much as house and lot together. The consequent want of correspondence between interior and exterior is often very striking, and it was doubtless the report of some such incongruity by an observant cockney, which gave rise to Mr. Alison's brilliant discovery, that "the houses of wealthy Americans are very plain externally, and very magnificent within, like those of the Jews in the middle ages—and for the same reason."

Some will be disposed to regard this increasing sybaritism of ours as a sign of our progress in civilization; and of civilization in the mere material sense of the term, according to the distinction drawn by Coleridge, it doubtless is. But to real *cultivation* and the highest progress it is decidedly antagonistic. It directly increases the power of mere wealth in society, and consequently increases the difficulty of bringing intellect into its proper place. It also keeps many very desirable people out of society, because they have too little fortune or too much prudence to live up to the fashionable standard of expense. Still worse, it effeminizes the men and makes mere sugar dolls of the women. The former scorn to encase their white hands in anything less delicate than French kid; the latter would faint at the sight of the shoes which all English ladies use for walking; and both sexes debar themselves of proper out-door exercise for fear of soiling their fine clothes.

Let no one tax us with asceticism, or Grahamism, or any other *ism*. We honor all the Fine Arts, and cheerfully admit the dressing of bodies (living or dead) to a place among those arts. We have a most proper respect for the tailor, so long as he keeps in his place and does not usurp too much attention. To the advantages of a well-spread table, no one is more feelingly alive than ourselves. We look upon the dinner as a great social, political, moral, and literary agent. But sybaritism and extravagance are by no means necessarily conducive to true hospitality and table-aesthetics—but very often the reverse. Even as we write, there rises up before us a supper at which we "as-

sisted" some few years ago, and which has ever since been recorded in the recording tablets of our mind as a supper of suppers. The table was spread in a library, walled in with musty tomes and full of comfortable old furniture, not very different from what is around us at present. A jolly set we were, all sorts and ages—a Semi-Puseyite Congregational parson, and an ex-president of the Jockey Club; a merry old doctor and a sarcastic young poet; a travelled bibliographer, who had studied men as well as books, and observed the cities and dispositions of more people than did old Ulysses; a literary merchant, who had given up making money to buy pictures, and who knew something about the pictures he bought—every two were a contrast, and all of us cemented together by a feeling of good fellowship and mutual appreciation. One genius of the party concocted the punch, another genius assisted the cook in stewing the oysters. There was plenty of cold game and hot baked potatoes; there was *quantum suff.* of good malt liquor, and a few prime bottles of Cordon Bleu; there was only one man-servant on the premises, and him we dispensed with as soon as possible; and that night we didn't go home till morning. Had there been an "occasional" hired waiter in the room, or a dish of Weller's spun-sugar work, or one of Delmonico's sham silver skewers, or had the sofas been too fine to loll upon, or the curtains not used to stand smoke, it would have spoiled the whole affair.

One cause of the sumptuousness of our extraordinary fare is the poverty of our ordinary. Many things are hard to procure good in New York, but the hardest of all is a good cook. Many a man would like to give cosy little banquets to six or eight friends, but he dare not trust the Irishwoman in his kitchen (it is a libel on the respectable name of *cook* to apply it to such creatures). Therefore, as he has to call in the confectioner, he thinks it will be cheaper to put three or four dinners into one, and so he gives a "kill-off" to twenty or twenty-four people—just the sort of dinner one does *not* like to be asked to. Hence too, so many men, married and unmarried, dine luxuriously and expensively at the club (it is a characteristic of our clubs that a dinner at them costs more than anywhere else), rather than keep Lent all the year round at home. The Bostonians are in advance of us here. They are tolerably supplied with good plain private cooks, and that of itself is one reason why society should be more intellectual there than here. Wealthy men of late, have adopted a laudable habit of making donations for public objects. We suggest to the next of our millionaires who dies—no, it is not necessary that he should die—who wishes to be a public benefactor, that he found a free academy for the instruction of cooks. It would be a most beneficial and glorious institution. Meanwhile we beg those disciples of progress who are so clever at teaching other people what to do with their money—Mr. Horace Mann for instance—not to be offended at this intrusion of ours into what they doubtless consider their own exclusive domain.

Any speculations upon our society would



be very incomplete without some allusion to the *watering-place*, which is a peculiarly American feature. Not but what there are watering-places in other countries, but people go to them to undress and be comfortable and comparatively unconventional, whereas our people go to our watering-places to dress more and be more fashionable and more conventional than ever. It is a half ludicrous, half painful exhibition of the pursuit of exclusiveness under difficulties. It has been frequently remarked that, whatever theories about the necessity of the contrary may be coined by natives or foreigners, there is in all our large cities, a certain exclusive set,—a quasi aristocracy of fashion. It has also been observed that this set is kept up and managed chiefly by the female portion of it, the men being obliged by the daily necessities of life to submit to a great deal of social democracy. Thus the banker's blacksmith may shake hands with him—or try to at least; but the banker's wife ignores the existence of the grocer's wife, who lives next door to her. This is all very well for the winter season; but the hot weather drives people out of town. Every one has not a country seat: the recent ravages committed upon more than a hundred continuous miles of the most beautifully situated summer-residences in the world under the specious name of improvement, have made our wealthy citizens not over eager to invest in a species of property which, however delightful, is held by so precarious a tenure, and lies at the mercy of the first railroad company who chooses to take it almost without compensation. So our fashionables throng to the watering-places; there they are lodged and waked and fed, along with all the world, in droves of five hundred, at the will of some despotic landlord, who considers his guests created solely for his use and profit. Unable by wealth, social position, or any other claim, to obtain any more civilized treatment than the average, they labor to keep up their distinction by "cutting a dash" in various ways, more particularly by incongruous and inept display of millinery and tailory. What can be more absurd, for instance, than ladies and gentlemen coming in full dress to a *table d'hôte* dinner (often of the commonest and most scanty description) at one, two, or three o'clock! An hour after they are walking or driving, and their fine clothes covered with sand or dust. An English traveller comes to one of these feeds in his shooting-coat or linen jacket, and is set down for a clown: he has much better reason to consider the black coats and low-necked dresses about as superlatively snobbish at such a place and time. But this is only one out of the absurd self-annoyances of fashion; there are graver and really very serious disadvantages of this sort of life. The habit of doing everything under the eyes of five hundred people—the impossibility of any approach to privacy—knocks all the modesty out of youth, and fosters a love of notoriety and questionable display, the result of all which is frequently a recklessness and thorough abandon, as if our gay Gothamites had left all their propriety in town behind them. We have seen gentlemen, who when at home invariably "behaved as such," stooping to bribe a penny-a-liner for a puff of their equipage or costume; and have witnessed ball-room and post-ball-room scenes which may be most conveniently disposed of by the term *Saturnalia*.

The manifest evils of such a system, and the increase of private fortunes, have already

caused the partial introduction of some qualifying expedient, such as the erection of cottages either independent of or partially connected with the hotel, and the multiplication of private parlors in the hotels themselves. Could we flatter ourselves that any remarks of ours would ever be deemed worthy the notice of those aristocratic "lords of the land," who condescend to keep hotels at our watering-places for the (not always) accommodation of the public, we should most respectfully suggest to them that large additions to their buildings, consisting entirely of private parlors, would be a vast accommodation to their guests, and a very good investment for themselves. The demand for private rooms is always tenfold the supply, and people will pay any price to get them.

We now come to speak of a very important point—the position of married ladies among us. The general American practice in this respect affords a marked contrast to our other habits, as viewed in comparison with those of the two great European nations. For whereas in most matters we adopt a course between the French and English, with a preponderating tendency, however, to the French, here we have reversed the French rule entirely. In France a young lady is shut up like a nun—literally like a nun, for she is generally educated at a convent. Were she to be seen walking publicly with a young man (even though accompanied by a third party) she would be *compromised* for ever. Her knowledge of the world and society begins when she is married, and from that time she amuses herself as much as she can. With us, the young lady has her full swing while a young lady, and subsides very much after marriage. The English practice is a medium between ours and the French.

One thing ought to be premised at starting—that if our married ladies do not take a very prominent place in society, it is not because they are shut up by their brutes of husbands, nor is it fair to blame the latter for the comparative seclusion of their wives. The husbands never have any voice in the matter. Our married women were at first very domestic, because the paucity and incapacity of their servants made their presence indoors necessary. This necessity no longer exists, or exists to a much less degree; but the female tribunal of scandal has as repressing an influence. If the diminution of a young wife's gaiety is not owing to the increasing cares or expense of her family, it is much more attributable to fear of her own sex than to the selfishness of her husband. We suspect our friend De Trobriand's characteristic gallantry has led him a little astray here. Acute and courteous as his remarks are, we do not consider that they cover the whole ground, or are strictly fair to all parties. The purport of them amounts to this. American men are certainly irreproachably faithful as husbands and fathers. Their whole affections are concentrated in their wives and children, for whom they make money, and on whom they spend it. Nevertheless, they do not fulfil their duties; and their beautiful and virtuous wives are often unhappy, for their husbands do not continue to play the lover, do not take the trouble to pay them *petits soins*, they do not try enough to amuse them, and prevent that *ennui* which (to the mind of a Frenchman) is the necessary consequence of staying at home in the evening.

It so happened, that almost simultaneously with M. Trobriand's "Femmes," there appeared in Major Noah's paper an article which

may be fairly said to present the other side of the case—the Anglo-Saxon view against the Celtic, or the husband's defence against his wife's volunteer advocate. It was immediately suggested by some of the recent divorce cases, was written with the strong common sense which is characteristic of the Major's productions, and (save only one unlucky sentence of bathos, in which "the sacrifice of real estate by referees' sales" forms a grand climax to the sufferings of the lonely husband, the desolate wife, and the worse than orphaned children) in very eloquent and effective English. The Major discourseth thus. Our wives expect too much from their good-men. They do not consider their daily toils and anxieties. A man comes home in the evening after stocks have fallen, or one of his debtors has absconded, or the other side has carried a point against him in court, and his wife pouts and looks chilly, because he is not in a fit state to pay her nice little compliments and attentions, or to carry her off to some show. This the Major thinks is very unreasonable. In comparing these opposite views, it seems but just to begin with the *realities*, and then proceed to the *sentimentalities* of the case. Let us look then a moment at the actual daily occupation of man and wife. Very few of our married men but are in some business or profession. And the few who have no stated pursuit, are not on that account released from a troublesome amount of miscellaneous business. Cooper has well said that "it requires no less care to keep a fortune in this country than to make it." The man of property and leisure, who has only to go down to the bank every quarter-day, when the dividends fall due, and draw his five or ten thousand, is a *rara avis* indeed. No, the fashionable lady's husband is usually a lawyer, or merchant, or broker, or a gentleman on the look-out for eligible investments, and he works all day as only an Englishman or an American can work. Meanwhile, what is his wife about? Her housekeeping and nursery duties, provided as she is with *bonnes* and maids, do not occupy her an hour a day. She passes her mornings in driving about, in the tittle-tattle of those scandal manufactories the "receptions," in consultations with her dress-maker and milliner, in shopping and running up bills, which her husband works to pay. It is no exaggeration to say, that the idlest married gentleman has more necessary daily occupation than the most industrious married lady.

Now, such being the case, it does seem to us, that when they meet at the close of the day, if either party has a right to expect amusement of the other, it is the *man* who may naturally and justly ask his wife to amuse him. And there are ways enough in which she might do so, if she did not think it a diminution of her own dignity and consequence. For instance, most of our women are musically educated, and attain a very respectable vocal or instrumental power of performance—quite enough to be very pleasing and soothing. But what lady of fashion would think of playing or singing for the delectation of only her husband? She would think it a most inappropriate casting of her pearls. Or again, suppose a poor fellow, who has written at his desk by day till he has no eyes left at night, should ask *madame* to read for him. Would she not think herself martyred by the bare hint?

But further, M. Trobriand's disquisition is all predicated on the French conception of *home*, which is a very depreciating one, or rather in fact none at all. For a Frenchman does



not know what *home* means. He has no such word in his language; he has no idea corresponding to the English word in his heart. It is no bull to assert of him that he never feels at home but when he is abroad. To say, then, that M. Trobriand cannot put himself in the place of an un-Gallicized Anglo-Saxon householder, that he cannot understand or appreciate the feelings, the tastes, the sympathies, the *passions*—

("We thank thee, *Gaul*, for teaching us that word")

—is only to say that he is a Frenchman. A Parisian's ideas of domesticity are necessarily connected with vulgarity and *ennui*. The discomforts of the *ménage* are the most ordinary topic of the Parisian caricaturist with pen or pencil. But to our Anglo-Saxon man it is quite another matter; "dressing-gown and slippers" do not "destroy his illusions," or vulgarize his associations, or bore him. After a day of such work, physical or mental, or both, as a Celt cannot *imagine*, he has discharged that day's duty to his family; he needs, and he *deserves* repose and recreation. And it is not either repose or recreation to him to begin his day's work over again—to get up an elaborate toilette for a concert or ball. His refreshment and delight are to enjoy the conversation of his wife and the prattle of his children; to read his evening paper leisurely over a cosy cup of tea; or if an old friend drops in, to have a literary chat, or to play at billiards or metaphysics, or even to "talk horse," so much the better.

This domestic comfort, saith the ex-Baron, with a virtuous alacrity to "damn the sins he has no mind to," is the "calculation of a misplaced egotism." Whatever be its motive, it is a calculation very seldom realized. However tired the husband may be with working all day, he must run out again at night to amuse his wife, who, having no self-resources, is tired with doing nothing all day. How many yawning unfortunates we have noticed at the opera! where the system of fashionable gossip has the happy effect of making the place a bore to a wearied man, whether he likes the music or not. If he does not, it is of course no gratification to him; if he does, all his pleasure is sure to be spoiled by little beaux running into the box, and chattering just as the choicest *morceaux* are sung. How many unfortunates, too tired or too wise to dance, have we seen at balls, far into the small hours, dead knocked up with waiting for their rotatory halves, and vainly seeking solace in the punch-bowl! We shall never forget a young husband—clever enough in business, with a fair sporting turn, but by no means so fashionable as his wife—whom we once encountered in just such a predicament, soon after honeymoon. His beautiful bride had been polking since nine; it was then half-past three, and that emblem of a bad eternity, the German cotillion, was about one third through, say in the sixtieth figure. Poor B.—! He had drunk up all the punch—nothing was left of it but the lemon-skins and the big ladle—and there he stood in the corner, supporting a bouquet equal in splendor and circumference to that historical one of Mrs. Kemble's,\* and making a number of disparaging observations about the cotillion and the man at the head of it. How delighted he was on seeing us, to find a companion in misery, and how he did begin to expatiate on Trustee and Lady Suffolk!

It is utterly unfair then for M. Trobriand to

\* "Almost as big as the interesting youth who walked in with it."—*Fide* her diary.

insinuate that our husbands keep their wives out of society, for whenever the wife wishes to launch out into the extremity of fashionable dissipation, she pulls her husband after her, will-he nill-he. A little further on he has hit upon the real reason of our married ladies' comparative seclusion. It is "*cet esprit de commérage*," the spirit of gossip and scandal, which he justly stigmatizes as a provincialism unworthy the metropolis of the new world. His remarks on this point are very just in the main, though we cannot agree with all his inferences and illustrations (some of which his translator has left out altogether, while others he has ingeniously contrived to divest of all meaning). We would instance particularly his observations on the popular judgment of a married woman's preferences in comparison with those of a girl, where he has entirely confused two things, which are, and ought to be, in their nature essentially different.

We conclude then on the whole, that if married women do not take their proper place in society, it is, first, because they are afraid of each other's tongues. The remedy for this is in their own hands, or rather their own mouths; our sex should not be held responsible for it. Secondly, because, if they do not dance there is a deficiency of sensible and amusing men to talk to them. One way of obviating this, would be to make all our matrons continue polking till forty; such an expedient we are sure M. Trobriand has too much sense to recommend. Another and more satisfactory way (to which we alluded in our former article) would be to increase the number of actual men in society.

It was our hope to be able to "say our say" out in the present paper, but the space devoted to other matters encroaches upon us, and we have a few more last words next week.

#### IRVING'S MAHOMETANS.

*Mahomet and his Successors.* By Washington Irving. Vol. 2. The Successors of Mahomet. Putnam.

WASHINGTON IRVING, in a second volume, pursues the easy, amiable, kindly vein of narrative which led us on so attractively through the pages of his pictorial life of Mahomet. His Caliphs and Commanders, his Omars and Khaleds, move before us in that softened light which we may suppose to distinguish a reverie over the bygone pageant in the sunny courts of the long deserted Alhambra. As a history, it is languid, if we judge history by our northern requisitions in such compositions. It lacks force, critical severity, has not those profound generalizations, the study of contemporaries; in fact, it is the book of a story-teller where the personal predominates, and legend is not too nicely scrutinized. But though the book wants bracing for our northern tastes, as an historical work it is abundantly welcome for what it is—a tale almost of marvels and enchantments, of Eastern gallantry, chivalry, and adventure. In the exploits of Khaled and some of his fellow warriors we are indeed reminded of the pure essence of the later European chivalry; and in the incidents attending the siege of Damascus and other cities, anticipate the courage, the devices, the treacheries, and amours of an Italian campaign where Bayard is the hero. The old personal system of warfare led to like results in both instances. Long sieges, single combats, the challenge, the contest, the stratagem, the ambuscade, the betrayal of the town, the conquest of love and booty, signalized by the individual humors of

the leaders in the expedition: these are the traits of warfare before soldiers were marshalled into large armies, and gunpowder had changed men to machines. The quaint logic of the desert and of the irresistible code of Islam lends a special attractiveness to the story, which Washington Irving is not the man to lose sight of. The arguments of faith and the sword of the commanders of the Faithful when brought into play upon the heads and hearts of Jews, Copts, and Christians; their simple but sufficient tenets, backed by a vigorous right arm: all this creates a shock and clash of opinions which excites a constant vein of philosophical humor in the writer and a pleased titillation of fancy in the reader. It is such humor as we meet with in the harmless parts of Voltaire.

We have already (Lit. World, No. 158) laid before the reader the characteristic passages of the Siege of Jerusalem and of the Arabian Nights' felicity of the Caliph Omar's judgments on various disputed questions on the road. It is the biographical, not the political portions of history with which Irving's pen finds congenial employment, and he always does justice to a trait of character; and where there is a story to tell,—why, Diedrich Knickerbocker himself, the veracious chronicler of the Hudson, could not tell it better. Here, for instance, is a tale of two lovers at the protracted siege of Damascus:—

#### THE TRAITOR LOVER.

"During the siege, Derar, as has been related, was appointed to patrol round the city and the camp, with two thousand horse. As a party of these were one night going their rounds near the walls, they heard the distant neighing of a horse, and looking narrowly round, descried a horseman coming stealthily from the gate Keisan. Halting in a shadowy place, they waited until he came close to them, when, rushing forth, they made him prisoner. He was a youthful Syrian, richly and gallantly arrayed, and apparently a person of distinction. Scarcely had they seized him when they beheld another horseman issuing from the same gate, who in a soft voice called upon their captive, by the name of Jonas. They commanded the latter to invite his companion to advance. He seemed to reply, and called out something in Greek; upon hearing which, the other turned bridle and galloped back into the city. The Arabs, ignorant of Greek, and suspecting the words to be a warning, would have slain their prisoner on the spot; but, upon second thoughts, conducted him to Khaled.

"The youth avowed himself a nobleman of Damascus, and betrothed to a beautiful maiden named Eudocia; but her parents, from some capricious reason, had withdrawn their consent to his nuptials; whereupon the lovers had secretly agreed to fly from Damascus. A sum of gold had bribed the sentinels who kept watch that night at the gate. The damsel, disguised in male attire, and accompanied by two domestics, was following her lover at a distance, as he sallied in advance. His reply in Greek, when she called upon him, was, 'the bird is caught!' a warning at the hearing of which she had fled back to the city.

"Khaled was not the man to be moved by a love tale; but he gave the prisoner his alternative. 'Embrace the faith of Islam,' said he, 'and when Damascus falls into our power, you shall have your betrothed; refuse, and your head is forfeit.'

"The youth paused not between a scimeter and a bride. He made immediate profession of faith between the hands of Khaled, and thenceforth fought zealously for the capture of the city, since its downfall was to crown his hopes.

"When Damascus yielded to its foes, he sought the dwelling of Eudocia, and learnt a new proof of her affection. Supposing, on his capture by the Arabs, that he had fallen a martyr to his faith, she had renounced the world, and shut herself up in a



convent. With throbbing heart he hastened to the convent, but when the lofty-minded maiden beheld in him a renegade, she turned from him with scorn, retired to her cell, and refused to see him more. She was among the noble ladies who followed Thomas and Herbie into exile. Her lover, frantic at the thoughts of losing her, reminded Khaled of his promise to restore her to him, and entreated that she might be detained; but Khaled pleaded the covenant of Abu Obeidah, according to which all had free leave to depart.

"When Jonas afterwards discovered that Khaled meditated a pursuit of the exiles, but was discouraged by the lapse of time, he offered to conduct him by short and secret passes through the mountains, which would insure his overtaking them. His offer was accepted. On the fourth day after the departure of the exiles Khaled set out in pursuit, with four thousand chosen horsemen; who, by the advice of Jonas, were disguised as Christian Arabs. For some time they traced the exiles along the plains, by the numerous foot-prints of mules and camels, and by articles thrown away to enable them to travel more expeditiously. At length, the foot-prints turned towards the mountains of Lebanon, and were lost in their arid and rocky defiles. The Moslems began to falter. 'Courage' cried Jonas, 'they will be entangled among the mountains. They cannot now escape.'

"In the midst of the carnage and confusion, Jonas hastened in search of his betrothed. If she had treated him with disdain as a renegade, she now regarded him with horror, as the traitor who had brought this destruction upon his unhappy countrymen. All his entreaties for her to forgive and be reconciled to him, were of no avail. She solemnly vowed to repair to Constantinople and end her days in a convent. Finding supplication fruitless, he seized her, and after a violent struggle, threw her on the ground, and made her prisoner. She made no further resistance, but submitting to captivity, seated herself quietly on the grass. The lover flattered himself that she relented; but, watching her opportunity, she suddenly drew forth a poniard, plunged it in her breast, and fell dead at his feet."

Women bear an important part in the narrative of the conquests of Islam. They are the spur of the faithful, the reward of victorious enterprise, and occasionally take a hand themselves, as in the exploits of Caulah and Offerah and their companions at Damascus, in the active duties of war. The Moslems were met on one occasion in Africa by a spirit equally resolute with that of the best Amazonian of their own corps:—

#### THE PROPHET QUEEN CAHINA.

"The imperial forces were now expelled from the coasts of Northern Africa, but the Moslems had not yet achieved the conquest of the country. A formidable enemy remained in the person of a native and heroic queen, who was revered by her subjects as a saint or prophetess. Her real name was Dhabbá, but she is generally known in history by the surname, given to her by the Moslems, of Cahina or the Sorceress. She has occasionally been confounded with her son Aben, or rather Ibn Cahina, of whom mention has been made in a previous chapter.

"Under the sacred standard of this prophet queen were combined the Moors of Mauritania and the Berbers of the mountains, and of the plains bordering on the interior deserts. Roving and independent tribes, which had formerly warred with each other, now yielded implicit obedience to one common leader, whom they regarded with religious reverence. The character of marabout or saint has ever had vast influence over the tribes of Africa. Under this heroic woman the combined host had been reduced to some degree of discipline and inspired with patriotic ardor, and were now prepared to make a more effective struggle for their native land than they had yet done under their generals.

"After repeated battles, the emir Hossán was compelled to retire with his veteran but diminished army to the frontiers of Egypt. The patriot queen was not satisfied with this partial success. Calling a council of war of the leaders and principal warriors of the different hordes: 'This retreat of the enemy,' said she, 'is but temporary; they will return in greater force. What is it that attracts to our land these Arab spoilers? The wealth of our cities; the treasures of silver and gold dugged from the bowels of the earth; the fruits of our gardens and orchards; the produce of our fields. Let us demolish our cities; return these accursed treasures into the earth; fell our fruit trees; lay waste our fields, and spread a barrier of desolation between us and the country of these robbers!'

"The words of the royal prophetess were received with fanatic enthusiasm by her barbarian troops; the greater part of whom, collected from the mountains and from distant parts, had little share in the property to be sacrificed. Walled towns were forthwith dismantled; majestic edifices were tumbled into ruins; groves of fruit trees were hewn down, and the whole country from Tangier to Tripoli was converted from a populous and fertile region into a howling and barren waste. A short time was sufficient to effect a desolation, which centuries have not sufficed to remedy.

"This sacrificial measure of Queen Cahina, however patriotic its intention, was fatal in the end to herself. The inhabitants of the cities and the plains, who had beheld their property laid waste by the infuriated zeal of their defenders, hailed the return of the Moslem invaders as though they had been the saviours of the land.

"The Moslems, as Cahina predicted, returned with augmented forces; but when she took the field to oppose them, the ranks of her army were thinned; the enthusiasm which had formerly animated them was at an end; they were routed, after a sanguinary battle, and the heroine fell into the hands of the enemy. Those who captured her spared her life, because she was a woman and a queen. When brought into the presence of Hossán she maintained her haughty and fierce demeanor. He proposed the usual conditions, of conversion or tribute. She refused both with scorn, and fell a victim to her patriotism and religious constancy, being beheaded in presence of the emir."

From the death of Mahomet, through Syrian, Persian, Egyptian, and Northern African victories, the lives and reigns of the Caliphs and their generals are carried to the first movements of the Conquest of Spain. It is difficult to say whether native vigor or the rottenness of the states against which they advanced, facilitated most the Mahometan rule. Treachery everywhere aids their swords. But they brought a simple heroism, and the strength of an heroic idea, in their religious system; their habits of living were not then effeminate; they had not subsided into the sentimental, poetic luxuries of Granada. Their final conquest, the spoil of the conquerors, Irving has pictured in one of his most delightful books, Fray Antonio's Chronicle. The present volume is a happy introduction to his legendary tales of the later period. The reader will find in it, feebly repressed by the exigent roll of hard names and historical facts, the personal tastes of the writer, in a well-fed vein of genial humor, and ever-attractive grace of narrative.

#### WOMEN OF FRANCE.

*Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century.* By Julia Kavanagh. Lea & Blanchard.

The history of France during the eighteenth century offers a wide and interesting field of inquiry. Beginning with the last days of Louis XIV., it finds the people wearied with

the despotic power exercised by that monarch, though still blind admirers of royalty, and superstitious believers in the "divinity that doth hedge round a king." The century rolls on in its course, and its close exhibits the same people, weary with the exercise of the maddest license of unbridled rule. Uneventful for three fourths of its existence, it starts onwards in its last score of years with an impetus unknown in the world's history for ages.

The great changes which France witnessed during this period, were social as well as political. Indeed, it was from the former that the latter had their birth. The salons taught democracy to the ateliers of the faubourgs. The corruption and heartlessness of the court flowed from this, the heart of the body politic, through all its veins.

In no age of the world, we must agree with Miss Kavanagh, has the influence of woman been more prominent. This is the case, not only with the noble dames in the gilded saloons of Versailles, Sceaux, and Trianon, but of the poissardes of the Halles as well. Apart from political interest, this gay court of the Regence and Louis XV. presents much that is fascinating—too fascinating for us always to be on our guard against its moral poison. Vice was never more brightly gilded, licentiousness made more attractive, the Circé transformation of men to beasts more seductively attempted, more completely accomplished.

The court history of this period, and particularly as relating to the female actors in the drama, is a somewhat difficult one, it must be confessed, for a lady of the present day to treat. The author of this volume has succeeded admirably in presenting an animated and truthful picture, without in any way transgressing the rules of propriety. She picks her way through the miry paths of court scandal with a skill equal to that of a modern Parisienne over the trottoirs of the muddy capital.

Among the brilliant throng who crowd our authoress's pages, we shall be able but to select at random a few of the most striking figures. Here is one in strong contrast to those about her, the mother of the Regent:—

#### MADAME.

"Madame, his mother, was a haughty Palatine princess, full of ancestral pride and moral rigidity. She had been married, at an early age, to the only brother of Louis XIV., Monsieur—an indolent, narrow-minded man, whose highest pleasure lay in wearing rouge, patches, and female apparel. Madame, on the contrary, had all the breadth and masculine vigor which her husband lacked; her mind was noble, frank, sincere, and above meanness or disguise: excessive politeness she scorned, as a species of deceit no one ever accused her of practising. Her manners were, like her person, eccentric, and somewhat coarse. Her short, square figure, heavy German countenance, and hands of unrivalled ugliness, contrasted unfavorably with the beauty of the Duke of Orleans' first wife, the lovely and accomplished Henrietta of England.

"Madame rendered herself remarkable at the court of France, chiefly for the persevering nationality with which she clung to what she termed 'our good old German customs.' Tea, coffee, and chocolate she scorned as 'foreign drugs'; French soups made her ill, and compelled her to comfort her German stomach with ham and sausages. Her greatest boast was, that she had introduced sauer kraut into France, and caused Louis XIV. to relish her favorite omelet of salt herrings. Courtly amusements had no charms for her: her masculine tastes and robust constitution made her delight in dogs, horses, hunting, and every species of violent exercise; she disliked dress



as only calculated to draw attention to the plainness of her person: her general costume of a round, close wig, like that of a man, and a tight-fitting riding habit, somewhat increased, however, the grotesque appearance of her square and thick figure.

"The honest mind of this princess was never reconciled to the duplicity of the court; where, as she said, falsehood passed for wit, and frankness for simplicity. Paris seemed to her another Babylon; and when it thundered she feared lest the impious city should be reduced to ashes. This austere turn, which preserved her from corruption, was joined to excessive pride. This feeling, which convinced her that she had highly honored her husband by marrying him, also induced her to exclude herself from the court; not deeming the etiquette which was there observed, sufficiently rigorous. To her high indignation, the courtiers were allowed to keep on their hats during the promenade, and even to sit down in the drawing-room of Marly. Of this exaggerated hauteur Madame gave several instances; one of which terminated fatally. Two female adventurers, who claimed the title of Countess Palatine, were placed by Madame de Maintenon near the person of her niece. Madame's anger, on hearing of the indignity thus offered to her name, was unbounded. Seeing one of the pretended countesses walking with several other persons in a public promenade of Versailles, she went up to her, and after addressing her in the most opprobrious language, ended by threatening her with such condign punishment, that the unhappy girl, struck with shame and terror, fainted away, and died in a few days. Every one blamed Madame, and Louis told her the honor of her house had been too severely avenged. She replied, with much stateliness, that she liked neither lies nor liars, and without more compunctious visitings, she dismissed the subject from her mind."

An incident from the life of Mademoiselle de Launay:—

#### A PHILOSOPHICAL YOUNG LADY.

"Though her personal attractions were never great, her graceful wit gained her many admirers, amongst whom were Vertot, the celebrated historian, and a gentleman named Rey; whose feelings, though at first very ardent, gradually cooled. Of this, Mademoiselle de Launay soon acquired geometrical proof. M. de Rey was in the habit of seeing her home, occasionally, from the house of a mutual friend. 'We were then obliged,' she observes, 'to cross a wide place, and in the commencement of our acquaintance, he always walked along the sides of this place; but I now saw that he simply traversed it in the middle, whence I concluded that his love had diminished in the same proportion which exists between the diagonal of a square, and the sides of the same.' Mademoiselle de Launay's geometry was evidently practical."

This Mdlle. de Launay was a dependant of the Duchess de Maine, a woman of mental endowments and ambition, who vainly endeavored to rouse an indolent husband to assert his claims to the Regency. She maintained at her residence at Sceaux, what was equivalent to a court of her own, and one intellectually superior to that of Versailles. The Duchess encouraged literature, and sympathized with verse-making to a ludicrous extent.

One is tempted to regard the remedy as a homoeopathic one, who is at all familiar with the fulsome platitudes of the verse-makers of the day.

Mdlle. de Launay was mixed up with some political intrigue of the Duchess de Maine, and was sent to the Bastille. The Duke de Richelieu was also of the party. The pair managed to amuse themselves even in this gloomy fortress:—

"Her chief amusements, during the first months of her captivity, were the study of the Latin language, and the gambols of a cat and her kittens;

which the rats that infested her room had compelled her to ask for, notwithstanding her previous dislike of animals. She also spoke from her window to Richelieu, who was incarcerated in a different part of the fortress, and with true French insouciance, they gaily sang together airs from the opera of Iphigenia. M. de Maison-Rouge, lieutenant of the Bastille, was secretly smitten with his fair captive. In order to divert her ennui he induced her to enter into a playful correspondence with one of her fellow-prisoners, the Chevalier de Méné, who was indirectly implicated in the Cellamare conspiracy, by having been the depositor of the Abbé Brigaute's papers. Maison-Rouge undertook to be the bearer of their letters, which only ran on the most trifling subjects; and he carried the complaisance so far as to procure them a few interviews. The result, under such romantic circumstances, was a mutual attachment."

Mdlle. de Launay was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the intellectual society of Sceaux. She became by marriage Baroness de Staal, and wrote very pleasant Memoirs.

The careless, thoughtless gaiety of the time is well shown in the following epitaph, which the Countess of Verrue composed for her tomb-stone:—

"Ci gît, dans une paix profonde,  
Cette Dame de Volupté,  
Qui, pour plus de sûreté,  
Fit son paradis dans ce monde."

Intrigue was the business of these butterfly beings. Their amusements would be despised by the children of the present day:—

"During a whole season, nothing was so fashionable, for both men and women, as to cut up costly engravings, and stick the mutilated figures on fans and fire-screens; to make up ribbon knots came next in vogue; the childish game of cup-and-ball was also one of the favorite amusements of this indolent aristocracy. Some noblemen sought to distinguish themselves by the singularity of their conduct. The Duke of Gesvres kept open house during a fit of illness. Forty persons daily sat down at his table; only about twenty of his privileged courtiers, whom he had presented with splendid green suits, were admitted into his presence. They found him in a magnificent apartment, richly dressed in green, reclining on a couch, and making up ribbon knots. Another nobleman, the Duke of Epemon, placed his delight in surgical operations; and, by mingled threats and promises, compelled his unhappy vassals to let him exercise his skill upon them."

We wish our space allowed us to quote the history of Aissé, the Circassian slave, the only narrative of sincere, though unhallowed affection, and simple-minded devotion, in this most depraved age.

The death of the Regent and the accession of Louis XV. brought no change in morals or manners, except the inevitable change incident to inaction—from bad to worse. Literature was not popular at court. The king had the narrow-minded jealousy of the uncultivated, of his intellectual betters. Literature and philosophy, such as they were, however, were popular in society. Women still maintained their intellectual influence. While Pompadour and Dubarry governed France—Madame du Deffand, Mdlle. de l'Espinasse, and Madame du Geoffrin away each her coterie of wits and philosophers. A *mot* of the first of these ladies is worth copying as significant of the "spirit of the age." Helvetius was blamed in her presence for having made selfishness in his just published work the great motive of human actions. "Bah!" said she, "he has only revealed every one's secret."

It is worth noticing that while universal corruption prevailed in society, not only did conversation "dwell in decencies," but even scandal was banished. "One of the female

orators of these days pronounced 'que cela gâtait le ton d'une dame,' and she was in the right: scandal is essentially vulgar. Thus the careless remark that M. *un tel* had Madame *une telle* was the only knowledge a stranger could obtain of an illicit connexion between persons who were notoriously on the most intimate terms. The least open freedom on the part of those persons would have excluded them for ever from society. Sin was tolerated, but the indecencies of sin were rigidly forbidden."

With the death of Louis XV. the unbridled licentiousness of the Court was to a great extent at an end. The young King and Queen, it is well known, set their faces against it, and endeavored suitably to perform the duties of their high office. But if sin could be checked, sin's punishment could not. The reckless speculations, political and religious, of the saloon fops who called themselves philosophers, had pervaded the entire body corporate, mingled with much, doubtless, of a pure and earnest desire for liberty.

The authoress illustrates this by an anecdote:—

"This gradual descent was very visible: it ought to have been equally significant. A traveller returned to France under the reign of Louis XVI., after having been several years away: he was asked what change he found in Paris since his former stay.—'Nothing,' answered he, 'save that they are now saying in the streets what was formerly said in the drawing-rooms.'"

"The traveller was right: 'philosophy' had gone down to the people. It had shattered moral and religious feelings, in the minds of those whom such feelings alone could render patient under the weight of their misery. In a deep and thrilling voice it had told the injured of their rights as men: it had reminded them of their many galling wrongs. Habit still made them suffer in silence, but the seed of future vengeance was sown."

The terrific drama of the Revolution need not be written here. Passing over intermediate events, let us come to that most terrible epoch in the history of the city of revolutions, the Reign of Terror. We again meet with many of our old acquaintances of the *Ceil de Bœuf*, in the courts of the Conciergerie. The scene is changed, but the performers remain the same light-hearted creatures as before. "The uses of adversity" are, however, apparent. Gentleness and benevolence have taken the place of rivalries and the backbiting of scandal-mongers.

There is a fascination about this Reign of Terror that is not likely ever to be lost. The breathless speed of events, the constant animation of the scene, the continual displays of heroism, of self-possession under the most appalling circumstances—the terrible march of Destiny, party pushing party to destruction and gaining its place only to be pushed on in turn to a like fate by those behind, as wave after wave breaks on the hard, pitiless sands of the shore.

This period must live fresh in the memory of all readers from the vivid pictures of Scott, Carlyle, and Lamartine, and the innumerable sketches of less powerful limners. Miss Kavanagh, devoting herself entirely to the social aspect of the time, brings together from the immense stock of contemporary memoirs many anecdotes which are curious and interesting, and her narrative will be found, perhaps, fuller than any of those previously named. We extract a portion:—

"The scene in the antechamber was animated and gay: ladies brought their work, old nobles sat apart in earnest conversation, while the young walked up and down the room, or gathered into



laughing groups. At one end of the gallery three chairs were disposed so as to represent a guillotine; this was a game invented by the ladies of the Luxembourg. Surrounded by a circle of spectators, who blamed or applauded them according to their success, they imitated faithfully the last moments of the condemned; and like the Roman gladiators, thus studied how to die gracefully. A similar game was invented and followed by the Girondists in the Conciergerie.

"These images of death seemed to enhance the brief pleasures of the captives; it was because they were to die that they would enjoy existence to the last. Never were the voluptuous precepts of Horace more faithfully obeyed: the mock guillotine threw no damp on the mirthful scene around. Appointments were made for music and card-parties in the evening, for lectures on astronomy, chemistry, and other sciences, to be delivered by captive savants, or for literary readings, epigrams, bouts-rimés, and acted charades. The ladies dressed for these soirées as carefully as their reduced wardrobes allowed, the gentlemen were assiduous and polite; open flirtations were carried on, and sincere affections often sprang up in these dens of terror."

The devotion of friendship and gratitude exhibited so often on the part of the sufferers during these fearful times are worthy of all praise and remembrance. Women, as the whole experience of history proves, are not deficient in heroism at the hour of trial and death, but the strength is that of principle. Dubarry fills the air with shrieks, Madame Elizabeth mounts the scaffold with untroubled mien. The rule is of course not of universal application, but there are instances enough to be adduced to "point the moral."

The following anecdotes respecting the worship of the "Goddess of Reason" we do not remember to have before met with:—

"The women always shrank with horror from these impious saturnalia. It was only by threats that Chaumette could induce Mademoiselle Maillard, the actress, to take the part of Goddess of Reason in the cathedral of Notre Dame. Momoro compelled his handsome wife to receive the same degrading honors in Saint-Sulpice, where she is said to have fainted away with shame. A young girl of sixteen died with grief and horror at the impurities in which she had been compelled to participate. It is not without reason that the church has bestowed upon woman the name of 'the devout sex.' There is a faith in her soul, over which reasoning, or the specious sophistry too often called such, has no power. She believes, because it is in her nature to look up to higher things than this world can give; and she neither asks nor needs any proof beyond that in her own heart to tell her that God and Providence are not idle words of human invention. This moral and religious influence of woman considerably checked the progress of atheism and materialism in France. No inquisition and no laws could prevent religious mothers from rearing up their children in the faith of God, and the contempt of man's authority."

A full and interesting account is given of the beautiful Madame de Tallien, whose influence was largely instrumental in the overthrow of Robespierre. We have then the opening of prison doors, the reaction, from mere weariness of bloodshed—and the same gaiety and carelessness, in the close-cropped hair and the guillotine breastpins of the belles of the *Bals des Victimes*, as in the previous scenes. The book ends with a glimpse of Madame de Stael and her fearless contest with Napoleon, who exhibits no very heroic attitude or success in the strife.

We must quote the authoress's eloquent summing up of her argument, commending the entire work warmly to our readers:—

"With this woman, Mad. de Stael, the greatest

and most gifted in intellect her sex has yet produced, closed the social and political power of women in France, during the eighteenth century. Let us look back and see the part they enacted during that ever-memorable age. Madame du Maine and the Cellamare conspiracy, voluptuous Madame de la Verrue, and intriguing Madame de Tencin, reappear before us with the profligate days of the regency: they add to its deep corruption; whilst, chastened by penitence, sorrowful Mademoiselle Aîné dies silently, asserting, though she knows it not, the undying strength of woman's faith and purity. The name of learned Madame du Chatelet remains associated with that of Voltaire, and his cold philosophy. Madame de la Popelinière, graceful and elegant as she is, is only the protectress of that degraded art, which suits a degraded age, when four sisters became the mistresses of a king. The haughty favorite, Madame de Pompadour, has no power beyond that political power she wrings from her lover. The philosophic Madame D'Epinay; the good-natured Madame Geoffrin; Madame du Deffand, selfish, caustic, and ennuyée; and impassioned Mademoiselle Lespinasse, with so much that is generous and true in her erring nature, rule society under Louis XV. The abandoned old king dies; Louis XVI., young, pure, and weak, ascends the throne to reap the thorns his grandfather has sown. Women still govern society: Marie-Antoinette, the gay and imprudent queen, the clever and supple Madame de Genlis, Madame Necker, sedate and grave, have their day. But this empty world is passing fast away. The storm which has gathered through centuries breaks forth. In that new contest, destined to ruin her power, woman still takes an active part. She rules parties, defends a monarchy with Marie-Antoinette, or founds a republic with Madame Roland. We behold her avenging outraged humanity under the form of Charlotte Corday; teaching men how to suffer and die in every prison and on every scaffold; overthrowing the whole fabric of tyranny with the generous Madame Tallien, and defending the freedom of thought with the gifted daughter of Necker."

The English edition of this work contains several valuable and beautiful portraits of the distinguished female characters in this eventful century. We wish the republishers would reproduce them in an illustrated edition of the work. Woman's influence is at all times so dependent on or indebted to her personal attractions that these portraits are almost essential to the comprehension of the text. Who would want Grammont's *Memoirs* without the portraits, who could afford to buy it? What reader of the present volume who will not be desirous to become acquainted with the charms of Mad. Dubarry, Mad. de Tencin, or Mad. de Tallien? Their faces, as well as their acts, are part of history.

*Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady.* By Theresa Pulzsky. With a Historical Introduction by Francis Pulzsky. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.

PROBABLY no race of men ever excited so much sympathy as the Hungarians, of whom so little was known. In the very climax of the popular enthusiasm for their bravery and patriotism, very few of their most ardent admirers could even pronounce the names of the heroes whose valor they extolled, and whose fate they speculated upon with such intensity of interest. They were

"Names which we all knew by sight very well. But which no one could read and no one could spell!"

In fact, Bem was the only one of the Hungarian leaders who had any kind of justice done him in the way of pronunciation, for which he may thank the brevity of his cognomen, one of the easiest to hand down to posterity which

the lips of man ever shut and opened again to articulate.

The volume before us will be very acceptable to those who wish to enlarge their acquaintance with the history of Hungary, and the details of the recent revolutionary movements there. It is written by Madame Pulzsky, herself and husband being both exiles, and having taken refuge in England from the disasters of their country. It contains a summary of the history of Hungary from the earliest times to the present, and a narrative of the late revolution, and the personal adventures of the author and her family, in effecting their escape. We who live in a state of security and safety can form little idea of the miseries of a life in the midst of insurrection, bloodshed, and butchery. These memoirs will be found very interesting in their detail of the vicissitudes and perils to which such emergencies subjected the better class of the inhabitants of Hungary.

We find amongst the personal recollections of the author, a number of Hungarian Legends, attaching to various places in the neighborhood of her residence, or visited by her, a few of which may be entertaining to our readers. According to Madame Pulzsky, there is a wide field, as yet quite unexplored, of tradition and romance, in connexion with Hungarian scenery and history, and she laments the want of an author like Grimm, and other German writers of his school, to point out traces of the ancient faith, in the tales, proverbs, and peculiar expressions of the country:—

#### THE QUARTZ ROCK OF CEMÉTE.

"A shepherd had sold his soul at midnight to the devil, for the price of a hundredweight of gold, to be paid down before dawn. Hardly, however, had the compact been made, and Satan taken leave, when remorse seized the unhappy shepherd, who, in order to save his soul, hanged his body. A few hours elapsed, and the devil returned, balancing the gold on his forefinger. But when, instead of the shepherd, he only saw the dead body, and found himself cheated as to the soul, he threw violently against the deceased the whole mass of precious metal; which instantly became transmuted to quartz, and still retains the impression of the devil's forefinger."

#### THE CASTLE OF LUBLÓ.

"The story of the Castle of Lubló, in the county of Szepes, is still more piquant. The proprietor wished to enlarge his castle; there was, however, one little difficulty—he had no money. At last he resolved to apply to the demon, and going to the 'devil's stone,' called on his patron, with whom he made over by contract all the souls that should happen to be in the castle at the moment when the key-stone would be inserted in the banquet-hall. The devil hereupon presented him with seven chests full of gold, and the rebuilding of the castle soon began on a grand scale. But not the devil's chests alone furthered the work; to the architect's great astonishment, the walls grew through the night, in ratio of their increase during the day. There could be no doubt, therefore, that the devil helped the work with his own hands; and as the extensive edifice drew nearer to its completion, anxiety pressed heavier and heavier on the heart of the proprietor.

"It was in vain that he enlarged the plan. The castle was notwithstanding almost finished, and the hour of payment approached. The devil's debtor, in full despair, went down to the red cloister (still existing), and confessed his sins to the abbot, who naturally, before anything else could be done, took into custody the three chests of gold which he found to be still remaining of the loan, intending to release them by his blessing from the demon's curse, and to preserve them for the convent.



"Then he sent to the castle a consecrated bell, with orders to ring it the very moment when the key-stone should be inserted into the banquet hall. Precisely at that moment, the devil was on his way, flying through the air with an enormous block under his arm, to crush his victims with. But the bell rang, and its consecrated sound paralysed the fiendish power. The block tumbled down into the River Poprad, at the foot of the castle, and the devil, furious at the breach of the contract, cursed the unfaithful man and his descendants; who, in consequence, have ever since been wanting both in money and in credit.

"The pecuniary embarrassment of the proprietors of Lubló, and the impression of the fingers of the demon in the block, witness till now, to the people of that neighborhood, the truth of these legends."

The next story has a political flavor, and must have been invented by some very republican Magyar:—

#### THE MILLER OF BRANYISZKO.

"Not less entertaining is the story of the miller at the Branyiszko (a steep mountain path), who, when his mill had stopped, being overwhelmed with sorrow at the prospect of starvation for his wife and children, plunged into the forest. There he met a fine gentleman, with a cloven foot, a red cloak, and a cock's feather in his hat, who promised to get him water for the mill, if he gave up an object he possessed without knowing it.

"The miller (it is not doubted) recognised the gentleman; but, need proving more powerful than conscience, he acquiesced to the proposition and hastened home. There he found the mill in full activity; and his mother-in-law met him joyfully with the news that his wife had happily borne him a son. The poor man was struck dead on the spot with horror. The fine gentleman soon came, and carried the baby away under his red cloak. For a long, long time, the little one's mother heard nothing about him, and mourned for him; till at last the tidings reached her, that her son, owing to his eminent education, had grown a doctor of laws and a mighty grand gentleman: Minister of the Interior at Vienna."

*Philosophic Theology; or, Ultimate Grounds of all Religious Belief, based in Reason.*  
By James W. Miles. Charleston: John Russell.

THE author of this work is one who has thought, and thought earnestly, upon the problem with which many religious minds of this age are busied, and therefore should have a cordial reception from all of that class. The book evinces much ability, for although the argument and the result are quite similar to those of Mr. Morell's late "Philosophy of Religion," yet the author claims to have arrived at his conclusions "independently of direct reference to any other person's labours upon the same subject."

At first we have, in several letters, the picture of a mind sensible of its religious needs, perplexed, and yearning after satisfaction, yet repelled from Christianity by the fact, that "the divines lay such urgent stress upon the necessity of holding certain formal dogmas, and yet differ so immensely as to the true system of doctrines, that no positive truth on the subject appears attainable." To reconcile such a mind to Christianity, the author proceeds to realize the plan of his work—to show that the leading doctrines of our religion have their verification in human reason. First, he succeeds, without difficulty, in showing that the existence of the idea of God in reason is necessary to make revelation possible; and that *that*, together with the existence and consciousness of sin, makes it *probable*.—Next, adopting the philosophy of perception of the modern Scotch and French schools, he en-

deavors to show, that as human personality only arrives at self-consciousness at the simultaneous perception of objective existence, so we are unable to conceive the Deity but as conditioned by a similar law; and that we can conceive personality in the Divine essence as only possible by having objectivity within itself, and thus that the doctrine of a plurality of persons in the Divine substance is not only rational but necessary, and its denial absurd.—Next, he attempts to show that Deity, to introduce a new element into humanity, and thus to cure the disease of sin, must appear as "phenomena in the world's life," and that thus incarnation is rendered probable.—He next shows that man's expectation and conception of an incarnate God are met in the life and character of Christ: and thus that a revelation is actually made, authenticated by miracles, to those who can verify the truth objectively proclaimed, by its coincidence with the inner revelation, intuition of reason.—Next, that we find recorded the life and sayings of Christ, and of men with consciousness supernaturally elevated and sustained; and that, although the Christian life might exist without these, yet that the Scriptures serve to rectify it, and facilitate its extension. The author then examines what are the grounds of certitude for religious truth; and, after showing that the rule of private judgment, in logical deduction from Scripture, is no ground of certitude at all, he demolishes all claims to any authority existing, by showing that this, after all, virtually amounts to the same rule of private judgment. Therefore, he concludes with Mr. Morell, that the ground of certitude must not be sought in the sphere of the logical understanding, but in the region of the higher intuition, where we find truth *actual* and not *formal*, and where alone the religion can be authenticated. Therefore, that only can be valid as a revelation which commends itself to our higher reason; and, consequently, that only can be essential to it which can be thus apprehended. All the rest belongs to the understanding, and the religious life could exist as well without it as with it.

From this summary, we perceive that this philosophy offers a new catholicon for the rents and bruises of the Christian world. We are glad to see it; if for nothing more, than as a struggle after some ground of that unity which is lost. But objections manifold have sprung up in our mind as we have made this summary, all of which we have not space to indicate. First, we will say, that the conclusion of this argument leaves one with no clear idea that may be made practical. However steadily the logic may march at first, it struggles into obscurity at the end. "How am I to make application of this new rule?" asks the man of common sense (that is, the man whose intellect has not been philosophically educated). "My Christian faith, I feel, is the occasion to me of my religious life. But for ascertaining, or limiting, or rectifying that faith, I am to go, not to the Scriptures, not to the church, but consult my intuition of reason." Is it not evident, that to the men of common sense as above, this rule must be valueless; and that the utmost they can do, if they have faith in it, is to transfer their trust from the divines to the philosophers? And as to the philosophers themselves, is there no room for dispute as to how much of Christian truth, reason can verify? The author frequently asserts that the Christian consciousness is everywhere the same, and could propagate itself without the Scriptures or the

church. Is the Christian consciousness the same, whether the Nicene Doctrine of the Trinity is accepted or denied? "No," even this author would say, "the former only can be the true consciousness;" and so has himself uttered a dogma. And, if some ground for his assertion can be found in reason, what shall be said for those parts of revelation which have no such ground, and which it is impossible therefrom to verify, as for instance, the presence and influence of the Holy Spirit, and the intercommunion of Christians in one life, which is the divine-human life of Christ? Since these cannot be found in intuition of reason, must they therefore be regarded as non-essentials? It may be, it is true, that we accept Christianity and the Scriptures, because a part of them may be verified by reason; and, therefore, we accept all the rest, whether they can be or not, so only they do not contradict it. Will it be contended that it is only that part which can be thus verified, which is necessary to arouse the Christian consciousness? Will not the aforesaid common sense, if it can perceive its life powerfully affected by any part of revelation, not thus also found in human reason, repudiate any such division! How much of our Saviour's words will be dead words by this rule! The formula of our faith will be only that part of his sayings which we can verify by our reason. Practically, this rule would chain us to the wildest claims of private judgment. Indeed, it is a capital error of this book, as well as of Mr. Morell's, that Christianity is simply *feeling*, and intended only to produce a certain peculiar consciousness: whereas it is action and struggle, as well as feeling; and intended to elevate the whole man towards an ideal harmony with the life of Christ. To elicit this life, not only that part of it which can be verified by reason is necessary, but *all* that cannot be thus verified, even to the minutest precept and command of a ritual observance. Here lies the reason why the "divines" so much maligned in this work and Mr. Morell's, have ever so strenuously insisted upon their formulas of essential doctrines, viz.:—that if any part of the true Christian creed be lost or misapprehended, the result is an imperfect Christian consciousness, an impairment of the Christian life, and the impossibility of realizing its complete ideal: while, with this author, repudiating the rule of private judgment (of the understanding) and any absolute church authority, as the true ground of certitude, we would repudiate as well his own, viz. the *dictum* of reason, for reason can have no authority in this matter, but a negative one, to see that itself is not contradicted. We do not intend to offer another theory, but simply say, that in our opinion, if we would verify our belief, let us discard all the three above rules as absolute authority, and following St. Paul's advice to Timothy, seek to elevate our lives to a likeness with the life of Christ. Only to this doing the *entire* "will" of God, is it promised, to know more clearly the "doctrine."

*The Origin of the Material Universe.* With a Description of the Manner of the Formation of the Earth, and events connected therewith, from its Existence in a Fluid State to the time of the Mosical Narrative. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE theory of the manner of the original creation of the material and subsequent formation of the separate bodies of the universe is derived in part from the nebular hypothesis, but has perhaps derived its strongest support



from the newly discovered analogy of Mr. Kirkwood. The author supposes the first state to have been that of a diffused gas or nebula filling the starry and planetary spaces before the birth of those orbs. At that point, originally the spot of the genesis of a central sun, a fiat of creative power caused a condensation of the diffused nebula; from this condensation, motion, gravitation, and the appearance of light, heat, and electricity, before that time latent, took place. This motion, and these influences of light, heat, and gravitation, collected the matter of the worlds into revolving spheres of molten metal surrounded by atmospheres of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid; but not in contact with them. The planets then were suns shining by their own light, though revolving around the greater luminary whose light has outlived their flames. The progress of formation is thus described by the author:—

"The caloric escaping from the heated surface of the earth ignited the hydrogen, which, attracting oxygen, was condensed or converted into water,—producing a brilliant flash of light accompanied by heat. This water being more dense or heavier than the gases in a separate state, would be attracted towards the earth's surface, in a state of extremely minute vapor; but would be decomposed long before reaching it, and be again converted into its original elements—oxygen and hydrogen gases.

"This process of conversion of these gases to water, and of decomposition, would continue until the earth's surface became sufficiently cool to admit the water to come in contact with it. This conversion of the gases into water would be incessant, and produce a constant blaze of light and heat—at first remote, and afterwards nearer the earth's surface,—until all the oxygen and hydrogen had been combined in due proportions in the form of water; or until the temperature of the exterior had become reduced too low to afford the heat required to unite them."

When the metallic crust became at last so cooled as to allow the water to touch it, being composed of the lighter metals, like the bases of the earths and alkalis, this water would be decomposed, and its oxygen would unite with the metals to produce the earthy and rocky materials, while the hydrogen would be despatched in search of more oxygen. These decompositions would continue as long as the ocean could penetrate to the heated nucleus of the planet, and all the effects of upheaval of mountains, earthquakes, and dislocation of strata, are due to the effects of these decompositions. At last the temperature was cooled below the boiling point of water, and when it reached that of one hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, life, animal and vegetable, began its cycles on our planet.

Such is a brief sketch of the proposed cosmogony, a subject involved in doubts, and where all the lights of science only reveal the possibilities of that creation which as yet is among the mysteries of the Divine Artificer of the world, except so far as revealed in the brief and sublime periods of the introductory chapter of the Bible.

*Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call: A Table-Book of Literature and Art.* 8vo. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, monthly. Lond. and N. Y.: J. & F. Tallis.

*The Ladies' Companion at Home and Abroad.* Edited by Mrs. Loudon. Parts 1, 2, weekly and in monthly parts. London: Bradbury & Evans. New York: Putnam.

*Household Words.* A Weekly Journal, conducted by Charles Dickens. Nos. 1 and 2, weekly. London: Bradbury and Evans. New York: Putnam.

The season opens upon us hopefully with

these spring-time publications of literature and art. They are, each in its way, an evidence of the advance of taste and of thinking among the people, with a due intermixture of cheerfulness to temper the increasing solemnity of a matter of fact age. The attraction of the first named of the elegant works on our list is the commencement of a continuous story from the fertile and well trained pen of Mrs. Ellis, entitled "Self-Deception: the History of a Human Heart." It is varied with essays and sketches, the topics of which are chosen with discrimination, and answer to the pleasant motto of the title-page

"'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

Steel engravings, neatly arranged, and an appropriate vignette, are the pictorial embellishments.

Mrs. Loudon's new Magazine is of a more comprehensive plan. It is of a large size, and the illustrations are confined to woodcuts, and are in great abundance. The range of matter includes all the ordinary pursuits of female life, and in addition sufficient of the more refined topics of general conversation to represent the staple of the ball-room and dinner-table. It is a companion—"in the drawing-room; in the study; in the dressing-room; in the house-keeper's-room, and in the garden." The latter word recalls the peculiar studies by which Mrs. Loudon is so well known to the public. At appropriate seasons these pursuits of the garden and the field will be properly presented in this Journal. It is by far the best filled publication we have seen of its class; and may be confidently commended to our lady readers as a highly elegant publication, well stored with interesting and useful matter, and really a companion worthy of the name. Good sense and an amiable spirit will be found in it, in the contributions of its editor, sound talk without cant from Mr. Tom Taylor, the contributor to Punch, popular science from Professor Ansted, "household philosophy" treated by Dr. Lankester, Readings from the British Museum (illustrated)—all the mysteries of the work-basket and the boudoir, &c., &c. There is, too, a special series of papers on Shakspeare's Women, by Mary Cowden Clarke, which opens with rare promise. Mrs. Clarke has literary claims of her own of a high character, besides those of having laid every reader under obligation by her faithful monument to Shakspeare, the "Concordance," one of the best prepared works of literary zeal and diligence ever executed.

Charles Dickens, too, enters the field with what promises to be a highly agreeable compromise between Leigh Hunt and Elihu Burritt; in other words, we are to have a mingling in the "Household Words" of the useful and the romantic, fact enlivened by fancy, and our duties blended with our amusements. An article on another page will show the spirit in which this is done; and if the idea is carried out in a candid spirit, free from affectation of sentiment on the one side and Poor Richard didactics on the other, the people will be the gainers in having a most important means of social amelioration. We shall regard the progress of this publication with great interest.

*Elements of Natural History; embracing Zoology, Botany, and Geology, for Schools, Colleges, and Families.* By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M.D., Surgeon U. S. Navy. In two volumes, with nearly one thousand illustrations, and a copious Glossary. (Phila.: LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & Co.) The anatomy, structure, and physiology of plants and animals are investigated, the principles of classification explained, and individual members in each fa-

mily described as types of the whole. In this way the knowledge of individuals is the foundation in the mind to build a harmonious structure of the whole of natural objects. Thus the anatomy and physiology of man is the introduction to the study of the animals of the branch of mammalia, and their special deflections from this example are explained. The differences and resemblances of the animals in each family are presented in a tabular form, so as to impress them strongly on the mind, and give an idea of the relative value of each difference in a system, so that the harmony and proportion of the animated creation are observed. The next branch of vertebrate animals, the birds, is compared in anatomical structure, especially the skeleton, with the mammalia, and the same method pursued to teach the classification. The structure and orders of reptiles and fishes are also found in separate portions. The mollusks are next taken up, perhaps not in the order of their natural precedency. Here we must observe the very complete manner in which the anatomy of these creatures is demonstrated, as well as the numerous plates of the shells they inhabit, with distinctions of use to those who are beginning the study of chronology. The articulated and radiated animals complete the Zoology. The vegetable physiology and botany are well calculated to give a philosophic view of the elements of that delightful study, and the notices of some of the more important natural families will facilitate the mind in gaining a mastery over the physiology of the vegetable creation.

The geological portion of the work is very admirably condensed, and is accompanied by over three hundred illustrations. What will be found of great use in the study, are the descriptions and engravings of characteristic fossil remains, especially shells belonging to each formation and era.

The course concludes with a copious glossary of scientific terms used in natural history, together with the words from which they are derived in the Greek or Latin. Teachers and students would do well to examine this course on natural history, forming a complete foundation and syllabus of the science, giving sufficient information to enable readers to comprehend understandingly allusions contained in other works, and being an excellent preparation for students, should they take up more elaborate works and personal investigations.

*A Treatise on Physical Geography, comprising Hydrology, Geognosy, Geology, Meteorology, Botany, Zoology, and Anthropology.* By A. Barrington. Edited by Charles Burdett. (MARK H. NEWMAN & Co.) The domain of Physical Geography is so extensive that we may expect the issue of many textbooks on the science, and the most attractive in form and arrangement will secure an enviable popularity. In the present work the special phenomena of nature are arranged in sections, under the departments named in the title-page, in such a manner as to render the reference very convenient. Under the head of Geology we notice a very full description of the principal rocks and mineral substances forming the solid crust of the earth. The author adopts the nomenclature of Professor Hitchcock, applied to geological formations, *azoic, protozoic, &c.*, from the older rocks in which are no remains, those in which the first organic remains appear, down to the present time. The anthropologic and ethnographic portion of the work is very full, and many interesting questions are considered. The unity of the race is strongly maintained, and it is shown that the apparent differences in man-



kind in different parts of the world are the effect of climate and natural agents modifying an original and identical type; and that there is no need for the hypothesis of separate stocks or changes produced by miraculous interference. Under this head we find much useful information on the subject of the influence and character of the religions, governments, and aspects of civilization among men, —and some sections on political economy. The tone of the work is highly moral, and well calculated for the classes it is designed to benefit—young persons, and general readers.

*The American Bird Fancier*; considered with reference to the Breeding, Rearing, Feeding, Management, and peculiarities of Cage and House Birds; with remarks on their Diseases, and Remedies, drawn from authentic Sources and Personal Observation. By D. J. Browne, Author of the "Sylvia Americana," the "American Poultry Yard," &c. Illustrated with Engravings. (C. M. SEXTON.)—Those who keep birds will find the Bird Fancier full of information as to their feathered pets; the art of rearing them, preserving them in health, and bringing out their pleasant notes to the best advantage. The instruction given is derived from many years of personal experience and long travels on the part of the author. The Fancier comes in an elegant dress, and embellished with tasteful woodcuts; it would make a very pretty present for young people who delight in an innocent fancy for the tiny warblers it discourses on.

*Iconographic Encyclopedia*. (GARRIGUE, Astor House.)—Numbers 5, 6, and 7 of this work continue the subject of Natural History. On plates 86 to 90 inclusive, reptiles are illustrated; some of the engravings are singularly effective; the spirited plate of the snowy heron surprised by a snake, may be taken as an example. From 91 to 105 the natural history of birds is exemplified by numerous figures in each family. The execution of the work in this portion, where excellence particularly tells, cannot be too much commended; the plumage is admirably done, and the birds are represented without any stiffness, and in the attitudes and habits of life. The mammalia begin on the 106th plate, with the cetacea, and are continued till the 118th, which last is a fine engraving, presenting the tribes of monkeys in a tropical grove, in the background of which the mailed figure of the Indian rhinoceros looms up in formidable proportions. Plate 119 contains the type of the races of mankind, and 120 phrenological figures. From 121 to 136 are contained a full set of anatomical plates. We should suppose these nineteen plates to be worth very nearly the full cost of the work thus far. The osteology and myology occupy the first nine plates principally, the viscera are for the most part on plate 130. The special anatomy of the eye is illustrated on 131, and of the ear on 132. The circulating and nervous systems conclude the course. The delicacy of the engraving makes up for the small size of the figures.

*The Legal and Commercial Common-Place Book*, containing the Decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and of the respective State Courts, on Bills of Exchange, Checks, and Promissory Notes, defining their Requisites and Properties, and investigating their Relations and Effects upon Parties. The whole arranged in an order most convenient for Reference, and suitable for immediate Application. By William Linn, Counsellor at Law. (Ithaca, N. Y.; ANDRUS, GAUNTLETT & Co.) This comprehensive title

will at once inform lawyers, to whom alone the book can be really valuable, what the author, or more properly compiler, has undertaken to do. We think, after an examination made with some diligence, that he has succeeded in his task. The industrious research and careful labor expended upon such works, are not often appreciated even by members of that profession to whom the result thereof is most useful. One excellent feature that will be adequately valued by those disciples of Themis who avail themselves of the like legal "Lifts for the Lazy," is an extensive and elaborately prepared index. The great convenience afforded by good indexes to those who, in the hurry of business, wish to refresh their memories, or adduce new authorities upon important points, can be understood only by such persons as have been compelled to search in vain for what they wished to find through one of the vexatious apologies for an index, now bringing up the rear of many a calf-bound tome. The compilation, we observe, is confidently recommended by the Hon. Charles Humphrey, late Clerk of the Supreme Court of this State.

### Original Poetry.

#### THE FOX AND THE BEAR.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A Fox, one day, at early dawn,  
Was jogging slyly o'er the lawn,  
A rooster in his mouth, the pillage  
Of last night's prowling through the village.  
Sneaking along with speed and care,  
Unluckily he meets a Bear.  
("Zounds!" ) . . . "Ah, good morrow, gracious sir!

Your grace is early on the stir.  
A lucky meeting, on my word,  
I've brought your Grace a noble bird."  
"Your Grace?" Why do ye call me gracious?  
You brute! d'ye mean to be facetious?  
Who says I am?" "Since you will know:—  
Your Honor's own mouth told me so.  
I took a peep—to tell the truth—  
Your Honor has a long, sharp tooth!"

C. T. B.

#### SONNET.

(From the German of Rückert.)

"Sweet Spring is here!" I heard men say and sing;  
Then I went forth to seek where he might be:  
I found the buds on every bush and tree,  
But nowhere could I find my darling, Spring.  
Birds hummed, the bees they sang; but everything  
They sang, they hummed, was sad as sad could be:  
Rills gushed, but all their waves were tears to me,  
Suns laughed, no joy to me their look could bring.  
Nor of my darling could I find a trace,  
Till with my pilgrim-staff I took my way  
To a well-known, but long-forgotten place;  
And there I found him, Spring; near where *she* lay.  
He sat, a beauteous boy, with tearful face,  
Like one who weeps above a mother's clay.

C. T. B.

In reading the description of a picture in the temple of Astarte at Sidon, in the Clitophon and Leucippe of Achilles Tatius, the thought crossed my mind of the superiority that language has over painting in expressing progressive movement. The thought was not original; for memory soon suggested passages from various poets in which it is inculcated. Such are the following:—

"Painting, mute and motionless,  
Steals but a glance of time."—Campbell.

"Words have something told  
More than the pencil can."—Wordsworth.

"The pencil's cunning art  
Can but a single glance express,  
One motion of the heart;—  
A smile, a blush, a transient grace  
Of air and attitude and face;  
One passion's changing color mix;  
One moment's flight for ages fix."

Montgomery.

The thought led me to put into the frame-work of a sonnet the description of the picture of Europa, in the pages of the old Greek romancer. Of course it had to be condensed.

#### EUROPA.

Lo! sea and land; fair Sidon's flowery shore,  
With groups of girls, who, o'er the purple sea,  
Affrighted, wondering gaze,—girt to the knee  
Their tunics, while their anxious looks implore  
And arms outstretched, yon white bull to restore  
Their ravished playmate—vainly, for they see,  
As with pale cheeks, strained eyes, hair floating free,  
And parted lips they stand,—though billows roar  
And chafe his sides, onward to Crete he steers.  
His lovely burden's bosom swells with fears;  
One horn her left hand grasps; presses the right,  
His glowing flank; the sportive breeze uprears  
Sail-like her veil; Loves hovering grace the flight,  
And like a gallant bark they move till lost to sight.

J. J. R.

March 27, 1844.

[From Mr. BRYANT's forthcoming "Letters of a Traveler; or, Notes of Things Seen in Europe and America," to be issued immediately by Putnam.]

#### VOLTEIRA.

Rome, April 15, 1835.

TOWARDS the end of March I went from Pisa to Volterra. This you know is a very ancient city, one of the strongholds of Etruria when Rome was in its cradle; and, in more modern times, in the age of Italian republics, large enough to form an independent community of considerable importance. It is now a decayed town, containing about four thousand inhabitants, some of whom are families of the poor and proud nobility common enough over all Italy, who are said to quarrel with each other more fiercely in Volterra than almost anywhere else. It is the old feud of the Montagues and the Capulets on a humbler scale, and the disputes of the Volterra nobility are the more violent and implacable for being hereditary. Poor creatures! too proud to engage in business, too indolent for literature, excluded from political employments by the nature of the government, there is nothing left for them but to starve, intrigue, and quarrel. You may judge how miserably poor they are, when you are told they cannot afford even to cultivate the favorite art of modern Italy; the art best suited to the genius of a soft and effeminate people. There is, I was told, but one pianoforte in the whole town, and that is owned by a Florentine lady who has recently come to reside here.

For several miles before reaching Volterra, our attention was fixed by the extraordinary aspect of the country through which we were passing. The road gradually ascended, and we found ourselves among deep ravines and steep, high, broken banks, principally of clay, barren, and in most places wholly bare of herbage, a scene of complete desolation, were it not for a cottage here and there perched upon the heights, a few sheep attended by a boy and a dog grazing on the brink of one of the precipices, or a solitary patch of bright green wheat in some spot where the rains had not yet carried away the vegetable mould.

Imagine to yourself an elevated country like the highlands of Pennsylvania or the western part of Massachusetts; imagine vast beds of loam and clay in place of the ledges of rock, and then fancy the whole region to be torn by



water-spouts and torrents into gulleys too profound to be passed, with sharp ridges between—stripped of its trees and its grass—and you will have some idea of the country near Volterra. I could not help fancying, while I looked at it, that as the earth grew old, the ribs of rock which once upheld the mountains, had become changed into the bare heaps of earth which I saw about me; that time and the elements had destroyed the cohesion of the particles of which they were formed; and that now the rains were sweeping them down to the Mediterranean, to fill its bed and cause its waters to encroach upon the land. It was impossible for me to prevent the apprehension from passing through my mind, that such might be the fate of other quarters of the globe in ages yet to come, that their rocks must crumble and their mountains be levelled, until the waters shall again cover the face of the earth, unless new mountains shall be thrown up by eruptions of internal fire. They told me in Volterra, that this frightful region had once been productive and under cultivation, but that after a plague which, four or five hundred years since, had depopulated the country, it was abandoned and neglected, and the rains had reduced it to its present state.

In the midst of this desolate tract, which is, however, here and there interspersed with fertile spots, rises the mountain on which Volterra is situated, where the inhabitants breathe a pure and keen atmosphere, almost perpetually cool, and only die of pleurisies and apoplexies; while below, on the banks of the Cecina, which in full sight winds its way to the sea, they die of fevers. One of the ravines of which I have spoken,—the *balza* they call it at Volterra—has ploughed a deep chasm on the north side of this mountain, and is every year rapidly approaching the city on its summit. I stood on its edge and looked down a bank of soft red earth five hundred feet in height. A few rods in front of me I saw where a road had crossed the spot in which the gulf now yawned; the tracks of the last year's carriages were seen reaching to the edge on both sides. The ruins of a convent were close at hand, the inmates of which, two or three years since, had been removed by the government to the town for safety. These will soon be undermined by the advancing chasm, together with a fine piece of old Etruscan wall, once inclosing the city, built of enormous uncemented parallelograms of stone, and looking as if it might be the work of the giants who lived before the flood; a neighboring church will next fall into the gulf, which finally, if means be not taken to prevent its progress, will reach and sap the present walls of the city, swallowing up what time has so long spared.

"A few hundred crowns," said an inhabitant of Volterra to me, "would stop all this mischief. A wall at the bottom of the chasm, and a heap of branches of trees or other rubbish, to check the fall of the earth, are all that would be necessary."

I asked why these means were not used.

"Because," he replied, "those to whom the charge of these matters belongs, will not take the trouble. Somebody must devise a plan for the purpose, and somebody must take upon himself the labor of seeing it executed. They find it easier to put it off."

The antiquities of Volterra consist of an Etruscan burial-ground, in which the tombs still remain, pieces of the old and incredibly massive Etruscan wall, including a far larger circuit than the present city, two Etruscan gates of immemorial antiquity, older doubtless than anything at Rome, built of enormous

stones, one of them serving even yet as an entrance to the town, and a multitude of cinerary vessels, mostly of alabaster, sculptured with numerous figures in *alto-relievo*. These figures are sometimes allegorical representations, and sometimes embody the fables of the Greek mythology. Among them are some in the most perfect style of Grecian art, the subjects of which are taken from the poems of Homer; groups representing the besiegers of Troy and its defenders, or Ulysses with his companions and his ships. I gazed with exceeding delight on these works of forgotten artists, who had the verses of Homer by heart—works just drawn from the tombs where they had been buried for thousands of years, and looking as if fresh from the chisel.

We had letters to the commandant of the fortress, an ancient-looking stronghold, built by the Medici family, over which we were conducted by his adjutant, a courteous gentleman with a red nose, who walked as if keeping time to military music. From the summit of the tower we had an extensive and most remarkable prospect. It was the 19th day of March, and below us, the sides of the mountain, scooped into irregular dells, were covered with fruit-trees just breaking into leaf and flower. Beyond stretched the region of barrenness I have already described, to the west of which lay the green pastures of the Maremma, the air of which, in summer, is deadly, and still further west were spread the waters of the Mediterranean, out of which were seen rising the mountains of Corsica. To the north and northeast were the Apennines, capped with snow, embosoming the fertile lower valley of the Arno, with the cities of Pisa and Leghorn in sight. To the south we traced the windings of the Cecina, and saw ascending into the air the smoke of a hot-water lake, agitated perpetually with the escape of gas, which we were told was visited by Dante, and from which he drew images for his description of Hell. Some Frenchman has now converted it into a borax manufactory, the natural heat of the water serving to extract the salt.

The fortress is used as a prison for persons guilty of offences against the state. On the top of the tower we passed four prisoners of state, well-dressed young men, who appeared to have been entertaining themselves with music, having guitars and other instruments in their hands. They saluted the adjutant as he went by them, who, in return, took off his hat. They had been condemned for a conspiracy against the government.

The commandant gave us a hospitable reception. In showing us the fortress he congratulated us that we had no occasion for such engines of government in America. We went to his house in the evening, where we saw his wife, a handsome young lady, whom he had lately brought from Florence, the very lady of the pianoforte whom I have already mentioned, and the mother of two young children, whose ruddy cheeks and chubby figures did credit to the wholesome air of Volterra. The commandant made tea for us in tumblers, and the lady gave us music. The tea was so strong a decoction that I seemed to hear the music all night, and had no need of being waked from sleep, when our *vetturino*, at an early hour the next morning, came to take us on our journey to Sienna.

#### THE HAPPY FAMILY.

DICKENS in the second number of his new journal for the People, "Household Words," has a capital demonstration of the absolute virtues of association, the phalanx model societies, &c., in a picture he has drawn of the

state of mind of the Raven (of whom he is the well-known established private secretary) in one of those caged exhibitions of the smaller hostile animals, as cats, dogs, mice and the like, kept by tyrannical ogres of London shopmen, and facetiously designated "Happy Families." It is a lucky thing for the English "million" that they have a man to write for them like Dickens, who has looked on both sides of human nature, and who can teach them how to secure beef, mutton, and self-respect, with the least possible infusion of cant.

#### PERFECT FELICITY.

##### In a Bird's-Eye View.

I AM the Raven in the Happy Family—and nobody knows what a life of misery I lead!

The dog informs me (he was a puppy about town before he joined us; which was lately) that there is more than one Happy Family on view in London. Mine, I beg to say, may be known by being the Family which contains a splendid Raven.

I want to know why I am to be called upon to accommodate myself to a cat, a mouse, a pigeon, a ringdove, an owl (who is the greatest ass I have ever known), a guinea-pig, a sparrow, and a variety of other creatures with whom I have no opinion in common. Is this national education? Because, if it is, I object to it. Is our cage what they call neutral ground, on which all parties may agree? If so, war to the beak I consider preferable.

What right has any man to require me to look complacently at a cat on a shelf all day? It may be all very well for the owl. My opinion of him is that he blinks and stares himself into a state of such dense stupidity that he has no idea what company he is in. I have seen him, with my own eyes, blink himself, for hours, into the conviction that he was alone in a belfry. But I am not the owl. It would have been better for me if I had been born in that station of life.

I am a Raven. I am, by nature, a sort of collector, or antiquarian. If I contributed, in my natural state, to any Periodical, it would be *The Gentleman's Magazine*. I have a passion for amassing things that are of no use to me, and burying them. Supposing such a thing—I don't wish it to be known to our proprietor that I put this case, but I say, supposing such a thing—as that I took out one of the Guinea-Pig's eyes; how could I bury it here? The floor of the cage is not an inch thick. To be sure, I could dig through it with my bill (if I dared), but what would be the comfort of dropping a Guinea-Pig's eye into Regent street?

What I want, is privacy. I want to make a collection. I desire to get a little property together. How can I do it here? Mr. Hudson couldn't have done it, under corresponding circumstances.

I want to live by my own abilities, instead of being provided for in this way. I am stuck in a cage with these incongruous companions, and called a member of the Happy Family; but suppose you took a Queen's Counsel out of Westminster Hall, and settled him board and lodging free, in Utopia, where there would be no excuse for "his quiddits, his quillits, his cases, his frames, and his tricks," how do you think he'd like it? Not at all. Then why do you expect me to like it, and add insult to injury by calling me a "Happy" Raven!

This is what I say: I want to see men do I should like to get up a Happy Family men, and show 'em. I should like to put e Rajah Brooke, the Peace Society, Captain



Aaron Smith, several Malay Pirates, Doctor Wiseman, the Reverend Hugh Stowell, Mr. Fox of Oldham, the Board of Health, all the London undertakers, some of the Common (very common I think) Council, and all the vested interests in the filth and misery of the poor, into a good-sized cage, and see how they'd get on. I should like to look in at 'em through the bars, after they had undergone the training I have undergone. You wouldn't find Sir Peter Laurie "putting down" Sanitary Reform then, or getting up in that vestry, and pledging his word and honor to the non-existence of Saint Paul's Cathedral, I expect! And very happy he'd be, wouldn't he, when he couldn't do that sort of thing?

I have no idea of you lords of the creation coming staring at me in this false position. Why don't you look at home? If you think I'm fond of the dove, you're very much mistaken. If you imagine there is the least good will between me and the pigeon, you never were more deceived in your lives. If you suppose I wouldn't demolish the whole Family (myself excepted), and the cage too, if I had my own way, you don't know what a real Raven is. But if you *do* know this, why am I to be picked out as a curiosity? Why don't you go and stare at the Bishop of Exeter? Ecod, he's one of our breed, if anybody is!

Do you make me lead this public life because I seem to be what I ain't? Why, I don't make half the pretences that are common among you men! You never heard me call the sparrow my noble friend. When did I ever tell the Guinea Pig that he was my Christian brother? Name the occasion of my making myself a party to the "sham" (my friend Mr. Carlyle will lend me his favorite word for the occasion) that the cat hadn't really her eye upon the mouse! Can you say as much? What about the last Court Ball, the next Debate in the Lords, the last great Ecclesiastical Suit, the next long assembly in the Court Circular? I wonder you are not ashamed to look me in the eye! I am an independent Member—of the Happy Family; and I ought to be let out.

I have only one consolation in my inability to damage anything, and that is that I hope I am instrumental in propagating a delusion as to the character of Ravens. I have a strong impression that the sparrows on our beat are beginning to think they may trust a Raven. Let 'em try! There's an uncle of mine, in a stable-yard down in Yorkshire, who will very soon undeceive any small bird that may favor him with a call.

The dogs too. Ha Ha! As they go by, they look at me and this dog, in quite a friendly way. They never suspect how I should hold on to the tip of his tail, if I consulted my own feelings instead of our proprietor's. It's almost worth being here, to think of some confiding dog who has seen me, going too near a friend of mine who lives at a hackney-coach stand in Oxford street. You wouldn't stop his squeaking in a hurry, if my friend got a chance at him.

It's the same with the children. There's a young gentleman with a hat and feathers, resident in Portland Place, who brings a penny to our proprietor, twice a week. He wears very short white drawers, and has mottled legs above his socks. He hasn't the least idea what I should do to his legs, if I consulted my own inclinations. He never imagines what I am thinking of, when we look at one another. May he only take those legs, in their present juicy state, close to the cage of my brother-

in-law of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park!

Call yourselves rational beings, and talk about our being reclaimed? Why, there isn't one of us who wouldn't astonish you, if we could only get out! Let me out, and see whether I should be meek or not. But this is the way you always go on in—you know you do. Up at Pentonville, the sparrow says—and he ought to know, for he was born in a stack of chimneys in that prison—you are spending I am afraid to say how much every year out of the rates, to keep men in solitude, where they can't do any harm (that you know of), and then you sing all sorts of choruses about their being good. So am I what you call good—here. Why? Because I can't help it. Try me outside!

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, the Magpie says; and I agree with him. If you are determined to pet only those who take things and hide them, why don't you pet the Magpie and me? We are interesting enough for you, ain't we? The Mouse says you are not half so particular about the honest people. He is not a bad authority. He was almost starved when he lived in a workhouse, wasn't he? He didn't get much fatter, I suppose, when he moved to a labourer's cottage? He was thin enough when he came from that place, here—I know that. And what does the Mouse (whose word is his bond) declare? He declares that you don't take half the care you ought, of your own young, and don't teach 'em half enough. Why don't you then? You might give our proprietor something to do, I should think, in twisting miserable boys and girls into their proper nature, instead of twisting us out of ours. You are a nice set of fellows, certainly, to come and look at Happy Families, as if you had nothing else to look after!

I take the opportunity of our proprietor's pen and ink in the evening, to write this. I shall put it away in a corner—quite sure, as it's intended for the Post-Office, of Mr. Rowland Hill's getting hold of it somehow, and sending it to somebody. I understand he can do anything with a letter. Though the Owl says (but I don't believe him), that the present prevalence of measles and chicken-pox among infants in all parts of this country, has been caused by Mr. Rowland Hill. I hope I needn't add that we Ravens are all good scholars, but that we keep our secret (as the Indians believe the Monkeys do, according to a Parrot of my acquaintance) lest our abilities should be imposed upon. As nothing worse than my present degradation as a member of the Happy Family can happen to me, however, I desert the General Freemasons' Lodge of Ravens, and express my disgust in writing.

### The Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY. A FIRST VIEW.  
DURAND AND THE LANDSCAPES.

THE Twenty fifth Annual Exhibition of the National Academy opens auspiciously, and with indications of strength and spirit highly encouraging to the friends of the institution, and the lovers of Art. The new *locale* of the Academy is admirably chosen for convenience, and much better adapted, in every respect, for the purposes of popularity, than the former position. Everybody appreciates particularly the comfortable difference between the easy and short ascent to the present gallery, and that interminable succession of steep staircases at the Society Library, which many a stout lady and elderly gentleman can "tell how hard

it is to climb!" We are delighted to see that the Academy at last recognises the principle, that, to elevate the tastes of the community, and raise the standard of artistic merit, it is *not* indispensable to lift the public bodily into the fifth story. It is a great advance for the arts when they are made accessible. Nor does their descent towards the business level lower the dignity that belongs to them. It is all very well to say that it is every one's duty to take extra trouble for the sake of the higher species of gratification and instruction which the Arts afford, but we apprehend that almost universally the taste for their enjoyment, like the pursuit of virtue, must be encouraged by gentle persuasions, and made easy by continual incentives. The Academy will do much more for art on the first floor, than it ever did on the fourth.

Exhibitions of pictures and statues, apart from the degree of artistic merit which they may possess, can never fail, when judiciously managed, to prove permanent sources of public interest and entertainment. There is something in a gallery of paintings, with its variety of subjects, and diversities of style, and contrasts of color, which at once attracts the eye, and kindles the sensibilities. There never was a child yet who turned his back upon pictures or flowers; and the humanities must be very nearly extinct in a man for whom the world of art is a blank. It is not, to be sure, always or generally the appreciation of the spectator which leads him to estimate and admire the picture at which he looks; but it is a mistake to suppose that he only admires the reproduction of nature on the canvas. A fine picture, like every true expression of a true sentiment, carries in itself an impressive force which is its own, and makes its own appeal, and that successfully. The artist who paints the landscape which he saw yesterday, and paints it truly and faithfully, from the bold outline of craggy summits in the distance, which are the features of the scene for every eye, to the delicate fringes of the moss on the rocky foreground, which only the glance of a student of nature would detect, fails utterly in his attempts unless, to the labor of the copyist, he brings his own creative energy. The work must be his own. And every high work of art has this first element of power, that it goes beyond the text which nature lends it in its subject, and gives it to the world with the added charm and power of the painter's genius, which is sure of sympathy and admiration just in proportion to the strength and purity with which it manifests itself. It is, after all, even in the popular estimate of painting, less the subject than the sentiment that produces the effect. "The artist who paints Lucretia," says Sir Philip Sidney, "painteth not Lucretia whom he never saw, but painteth the outward beauty of such a virtue as hers." Equally true is it, that the admirer of the work finds his highest satisfaction in the recognition, not of the life-like features and startling imitation of nature, but of the embodied thoughts and feelings of which they are only the vehicles and accessories.

But all this keeps us lingering to little purpose on the threshold of the Academy. We must pay our fifty cents for a season ticket, and our twelve and a half for a catalogue, with an inward sigh for the day when Croton Water and the Fine Arts shall be equally free and unstinted to all, without any barriers of cash payments between their necessity and their enjoyment, and enter the new galleries.

Why is it that one always sees the bad pictures first of all? Are the gentlemen of the



"Hanging Committee" aware of the fact, that nothing kills merit so effectually, at least in the emergency of a *coup d'œil*, as unquestionable demerit in its vicinity? Bad pictures are usually bigger than good ones, and brighter, and the very want of correctness of proportion which they labor under, aggravates the distinctness with which they stand out in conspicuous prominence, just as a deformed is more noticeable than a graceful figure. But it is a pity that the misshapen progeny of some enterprising artist, who has most lamentably mistaken his calling, should elbow out of immediate notice, and completely stare out of countenance the modest worth of the creation of some genuine painter, of one tenth the size and sixty times the value of the former.

In the first Gallery of the Academy this year, the poor pictures, perhaps on the above principle, seem to predominate. Out of the eighty-four paintings in that room (the one which is first entered from the hall), more than one half are portraits, and amongst these latter, some it may be hoped, for the credit of the human face divine, in the general as well as the individual, are likenesses only in will, and not in deed. Besides bad portraits, there are a few of the "fancies" in this same first room, whose very unprepossessing appearance and flagrant conspicuousness are quite discouraging. Not to be invidious, we cannot help recalling, amongst the smaller of these, one of Mr. J. Carlin's efforts, No. 61 of the Catalogue, "Cupid seeking fair victims espies one!" the exclamation point being a most appropriate finish to the subject, which is a sort of practical libel on the tender passion, and a complete burlesque on the Heathen Divinity who presides over it.

To commence a closer examination of the exhibition, which we propose to take leisurely, and in the spirit which it deserves, a spirit of candor and liberality, without any undue partialities, or any prejudices whatsoever, we think it is perhaps no more than courteous and respectful to begin with the works of the President of the Academy, and that class of paintings to which his exclusively belong—THE LANDSCAPES.

Mr. DURAND contributes seven pictures to the present collection, all of which, with the exception of two studies from nature, Numbers 226 and 236, are carefully finished and elaborate works, worthy of his reputation and his position as an Artist.

No. 11. *A View of Schroon Lake*, with a bright foreground of sunshine on rocks, and on the right an exquisitely painted clump of trees with massive foliage, is a most pleasing specimen of DURAND's style. The lake in the distance, with the hills rising beyond, is painted with that feeling of repose and unbroken serenity which is with this painter, the favorite aspect of Nature.

No. 46. "*A Summer Morning*" exhibits this characteristic, however, even more strikingly. Here a glowing warmth, almost, and yet hardly sultry, is spread over the scene; and the hush of the Sabbath morning, broken only by the village bells, is denoted by every trait of the landscape, and the misty atmosphere which pervades it.

The principal work of Mr. DURAND and of the Exhibition (No. 138, "*Scene from Thana-topsis*"), pleases us less. The idea is a happy one, the illustration of the finest of American poems, in a kindred Art, by a hand, equally with that of the poet, a master-hand in its sphere of labor. But it is perhaps a mistake that the picture, apart from the poem, should have so little individuality. It does not ex-

plain itself, and without the key afforded by the lines quoted in the catalogue, could hardly be understood. To be sure, it is intended to illustrate these lines, but it might have done so with as much effect with a different composition. As it stands now, there seems to us to be some incongruity in the management of the subject. No one would look for a funeral procession as an incident to such a landscape as this. The contrast between the precipitous crags and lofty summits to the left, and the even, unbroken level of the surface to the right, is somewhat too marked for the general effect of the picture. These are trifles in one sense, and may not be the impression of more than an individual opinion; but in the production of a painter of such ease and fidelity to nature, and such a true feeling for its highest manifestations of beauty, a complete realization of the idea aimed at is the measure of expectation, and the test of success. There seems to us a want of unity in the design of this work; it does not convey a complete idea. In this respect the "*Summer Morning*" surpasses it, for there the whole scene harmonizes to produce the intended effect. But the "*Thana-topsis*," much as it may be worthy of admiration in points and details of execution, as a whole is wanting in grandeur. The reason is that, to our thinking, it is somewhat wanting in truth. The composition is exaggerated and unreal. The nearer to Nature the grander the picture.

As a painter of trees and rocks we know of no one superior to KENSETT. The characteristic of his style and finish are in many respects very similar to those of the President of the Academy. Indeed, there are two studies of rocks (Nos. 226 and 233), the former by Durand and the latter by Kensett, which one would suppose, even after a close inspection, to have been the work of but a single hand. This No. 233, and two other studies in the same room, Nos. 205 and 242, are remarkably true to nature, and felicitous in effect. There is a care in the management of the minutest details, and a faithfulness in the execution, which have their reward in a striking success. No one can fail to notice how far superior are the leaves and branches of the trees in these studies, the grey broken masses of rocks with their rifts and seams, and their patches of moss, and the clear running streams, to the blotches of green, grey, and white, which pass in so many landscapes for trees, rocks, and water.

No. 196. "*A Scene among the Adirondack Mountains*," is another picture by the same artist; carefully painted, and interesting in its subject—the wild romantic scenery of the Tyrol of New York.

No. 344. "*Catskill Mountain Scenery*" is the only remaining, and the largest work of Kensett in the present exhibition. It is deserving of very high praise. The foreground is made up of heavy rocks, and the bed of the Cauterskill; the stream itself forms the centre of the picture, the eye follows it back to the falls and the background of hills, while on either hand is the thick forest; on the left of the picture it lies in sunshine, and on the right is shade. The whole picture has a freshness, and a clear atmosphere pervading it, which make it a delightful work. Its truth of feeling speaks for itself, and will be recognised with pleasure by many a lover of Nature.

C. P. CRANCH. This Artist contributes five paintings, Nos. 1, 109, 134, 216, 298. The two first of these are views abroad: Florence, the from Ponte Rotto, and scenery in the vicinity of the Bay of Naples. They are both

well done, though there is hardly about them enough of the transparency of atmosphere which gives to true Italian scenery so great a charm. The outlines are too hard, and the tone too harsh.

No. 298. "*The Deserted Hut at Sunset*," by the same artist, is better. This is a simple piece of landscape, quiet and well managed, and telling its own story.

"*The Death of Abel*," No. 134, a much more ambitious work, strikes us as a bad picture, both in expression and execution. There is a vast deal of landscape and cloud attempted, and very little of either accomplished so as to be recognisable by the ordinary observer of nature. The trees and the mountains, as well as Abel, though the former not by the hand of Cain, suffer martyrdom together.

No. 129, "*Moonlight Composition*," by G. LORING BROWN, and the only picture of his in the gallery, is a representation of the scene in the Merchant of Venice between Lorenzo and Jessica, the favorite of all lovers of moonlight. It is an ambitious composition, which suffers more in the coloring than it deserves. The "inky cloak" which the atmosphere seems to have borrowed from Hamlet, and whose ample folds encircle the whole picture with a great deal of visible darkness, destroys the whole effect. It is as difficult a matter now as Quince found it in the days of Athenian Theseus, to "disfigure or present the person of moonshine." Besides this black composition of Brown, there are several others in which the moon plays her part and with better success, for instance,

No. 364, "*Moonlight*," by J. G. CHAPMAN. This represents an Ocean steamer in a ground swell on the top crest of a heavy sea, with smooth water beyond and the moon shining upon it, through a discouraging mist. This is Chapman's only work, and suggests in its subject the absence of the painter, which does not by any means interfere with the appreciation of his merits as an artist and a man, at home.

No. 141, a Scene from the pencil of DOUGHTY, in which the landscape is mostly accessory to the moonlight.

Nos. 43 and 131 are also by Doughty, the first a winter piece, of which detached parts are better in effect than the whole; and the last a pleasing picture, but the scene rather too map-like in its dead level, and want of variety of surface.

CHURCH's Landscapes are quite numerous, and have decided characteristics of their own. They are worthy of the more notice as being mostly faithful reproductions of American nature, and that not in the picturesque regions of lake and mountain scenery, but in the less romantic though more cultivated districts of New England. The farming interest is uppermost in many of his pictures. He paints nature, with the barns, ditches, and fences left in. There is a little view of Clarendon, Vermont (No. 97), which ought to be hung up in the schoolhouse of that favored village as a perfect likeness of the original. It is unfortunately hung very low, for it is worth looking at for its truth to the prosaic realities of New England scenery.

No. 42, a large work, "*Ira Mountain*," Vt., suffers somewhat from the want of variety in form and outline, which must be laid to the charge of the subject. There is a great deal of beauty in the sky and foreground, and the whole picture is successfully painted, but the landscape is wanting in character. The parallel ranges of hills which go to make it up are too similar in their outlines, and the feeling which one has is a desire to shake up the



whole composition and give it a little animation and variety.

No. 64, "Autumn," and No. 323, "a Wet Day," by the same artist, are smaller, but well executed. His best work is in the Fifth Gallery, No. 349—"Twilight, Short Arbiter of Day and Night," and is a striking picture. It is a sunset with a crimson sky; a range of hills in the background shadowed with the deepest purple, and declining towards the front of the picture with a rounded slope. A single house with the last gleam of sunset reflected from the windows, gives a happy relief, while a heavy mass of jutting rock on the left of the picture adds to the effect by being interposed between the spectator and the sunset.

Parts of this picture are painted with exquisite beauty. The whole side hill in the foreground, with its rich verdure, the scattered bushes overspread, and the low stone wall creeping along its side midway towards the top, is most truthfully and capably executed. But we protest against the "effects" of the picture. We have no faith, and we take no satisfaction in the phenomena of nature on the canvas. They are not within the province of true landscape painting, except as studies which reveal principles for application by the artist. Surely there is enough of beauty in nature that is known and can be appreciated; a wide enough field for the artist without the necessity of resorting to rare spectacles which common experience exclaims against. The first word which an observer is apt to give utterance to before such a sunset scene as this is, "how unnatural;" "who ever saw such contrasts of color?" And it is no help so far as the unsatisfactory effect of the picture upon such an one is concerned, for the artist to say, "I saw it just as it is, and painted it accordingly," because a picture must vouch for itself, and must be able to make its appeal to the direct senses of all who are capable of understanding it. A landscape that needs a certificate of genuineness will never do. Too many of our "sunset," "sunrise," and "storms," are problems on canvas without a solution—given, the sun, the sky, and the clouds, and the result, a phenomena and a prodigy.

But we have already gone beyond our limits, and at this point must leave the Academy, for the present week.

### The Drama.

#### THE THEATRES.

Mrs. BUTLER's play, which we announced as a leading theatrical event on the wing, still retires down the perspective of the weeks, with various rumors affecting its appearance and non-appearance, some alleging the want of a portion of the manuscript, others an unexplained difficulty in the character and plot. We are compelled to leave the elucidation to time, promising only to notice when it appears. Mr. WM. FLEMING has left the Astor Theatre, and engages in Shakspearian Readings at Brooklyn, with a prospect of good support. Mr. F. is a good reader, and always centres in himself the respect of the best portion of the community where he appears. Miss JULIA DEAN, with talent somewhat irregularly developed, aided by Mr. NEAFIE, has succeeded at that house. The Serious Family still continues serious for itself and funny for the public at BURTON's Chamber street establishment, which Mr. BROUGHAM leaves for the directorship at NIBLO's. A well selected company, embracing the Wallacks, Gilbert, Lester, Miss C. Wemyss, J. R. Scott, and others of

talent is sustaining the fortunes of the BOWERY. Mr. MURDOCH is expected shortly in town, from the West; also Miss CUSHMAN, from the South; both from a series of successful engagements.

#### FOREIGN MOVEMENT IN THE DRAMA.

An extraordinary proposition is the subject of conversation among the London dramatic authors, intimating an intention of "holding their works," we quote the correspondence of the *N. Y. Herald*, "as private property, not publishing any more, to cut off the American managers." We cannot imagine a more just, righteous, and effective movement. A condition of things in which fortunes can be made of an author's dramas, and to the utter ruin of every dramatic writer on the spot, without the slightest advantage, profit, or recognition of the original author,—is one of the greatest scandals of our day. No wonder the drama tumbles into contempt when the dramatic author, the architect of the whole structure, is studiously shut out from all consultation and share in the business. Of course, it is a part of the game to insult all resident writers, to treat their productions with contempt, and to convey with the public the idea, that plays manufactured here are wholly unworthy of notice. We applaud and congratulate the movement of our English brethren, and will lend them any and every hand in our power to bring about an honest recognition of their rights and interests, which, properly considered, are identical with our own.

#### FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE correspondence of the *Herald* furnishes a bit of gossip extraordinary, no less than a set-off to Mr. Barnum's engagement of Jenny Lind, in a movement quite as imposing, and likely, if carried out, fairly to divide the public attention with the world-renowned songstress. It is the double attraction in the hands of the London manager, Mr. Mitchell, of RACHEL and CERITO, who, it is said, are to visit this country with the needful accompaniment of well trained artists. The announcement is made in the following terms:

"To illustrate how extensively society is affected, I have only to state how peculiarly the world of art has been inspired by the California news. Some years ago, it was impossible to get the best artists in music and the drama to visit the United States. They were afraid they would be paid in shin plasters and repudiated stocks. De Bagnis, agent for Mr. Niblo, tried, a few years ago, to get an opera company. It was hard work—not to be done. Now, high and low, great and small, are ready to sign articles for the new world. The engagement of Jenny Lind, by our old friend Barnum, has helped not a little this state of things, and one of the most enterprising managers here has been wide awake, since Barnum showed his hand. It is no less a personage than Mr. Mitchell, of 33 Old Bond street, the eminent librarian and manager of the St. James's Theatre. It is understood that he is having his wardrobe made and arranged, for a tour to the States; and the impossibility of engaging any of the great artists here, after the first of September, has caused a belief, in which I am justified by certain positive evidence, that Mitchell will soon take over two companies. The great *tragedienne*, Rachel, with a brilliant vaudeville and tragic company of French artists, will test the palm with Jenny Lind; and perhaps you may be treated to some of the strains of Madame Sontag, who has been doing wonders in Paris and other cities. Besides this amount of talent, the companies will embrace some of the best performers of the Paris theatres, holding the first position in their respective rôles. For the after-pieces he will give you the most attractive entertainment; the distinguished St. Leon, Fanny Cerito, and a *corps de ballet* of the most elegant and efficient kind. Mr. Mitchell is a prince in management—spares no expense, is very active and enterprising, and commands the best talent and the most fashionable houses. He is now at Liverpool, for a few nights, with his French company, and as soon as he can get away, will be planted in Broadway, when he will move the population from the Battery to the other end of Manhattan, as he does here from Mile-End to Brixton. I imagine the delight of the public to witness the great impersonations of Rachel, and the dancing of Fanny Cerito, with a grand troupe of ballet girls. This galaxy of talent will be so arranged as to command the leading audiences of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, and will be a speculation of enormous

magnitude—but Mitchell is the man to carry it through successfully."

At the Paris theatres, M. Poussard's "Charlotte Corday" has attracted considerable attention at the Français. This most effective dramatic subject seems to have been shorn of some of its capabilities by the necessities for moderation of the present state of French society. It is described as a somewhat negative production.

It is to be succeeded by a new dramatic lion in Lamartine's "Toussaint L'Ouverture," which was shortly to be produced.

### Facts and Opinions.

A PRIVATE letter from a resident at Ambleside, of the date of March 25, informs us of the dangerous illness of the poet Wordsworth. "Before you receive this," is the language of the letter, "Mr. Wordsworth will have recovered or died—he is very ill to-day, and it is my impression that we are to lose him soon." The poet was born on the 7th of April, 1770, consequently he would complete his *eightieth* year this present month.

One of the idols recently met with by Mr. Squier in his explorations in Central America, has been received in this city, within a few days, by Mr. Cotheal, who will forward it immediately to its destination—the Smithsonian Institution. The figure is a statue rudely carved to the breast, and represents a low type of the human countenance. It is accompanied by some specimens of pottery, and mortars and other objects well cut in stone.

The new auction room of Cooley & Keese, in Broadway, is probably the largest devoted to the purpose of book sales in the world. It is one hundred and fifty feet in length by fifty in width. It was opened on Thursday of last week with the sale of some theological works, and this week has been occupied with the late Mr. Campbell's valuable classical and miscellaneous library.

We have not opportunity to publish entire the proceedings on occasion of the commemoration by the Maryland Historical Society, April 6th, of the Two Hundred and Sixteenth Anniversary of the Landing of the Maryland Pilgrims, but we are unwilling they should pass without notice in our columns. They were confined to a dinner presided over by Hon. John P. Kennedy, Vice-President of the Society. The progress of the toasts brought forward two distinguished guests, Daniel Webster and the English Minister, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer. The remarks of the latter were warm and genially expressed, eloquently tracing the bond of language and of literature between England and America, and ingeniously comparing the battles of Agincourt won on St. Crispin's Day, and that of Buena Vista, on the birthday of Washington. This was a graceful tribute to the historical spirit of the evening. The good sense and good feeling of the concluding remarks on the advantages of fraternity, were nobly conceived, and tersely expressed.

Newspaper writers have a favorite amusement of tracing resemblances between authors; but they frequently err in attributing them to plagiarism. A curious instance is noticed in the *Evening Post* from the Augsburg Gazette, charging Byron's song on leaving England, to be a literal translation of some German verses by a poet named Wolfgang, who published it in Munich in 1794. It looks like a literary hoax, and the *Post*, on the ground of Byron's ignorance of German, and the more original spirit of his verses, suspects that the Augsburg Gazette has been quizzed by a translation. Then the *Anti-Slavery Standard* brings forward a couple of verses from a poem, "The Tiger," in William Blake's "Songs of Experience," as the original of half a dozen lines in Longfellow's "Building of the Ship."



And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the snows of thine heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?  
What the hammer, what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the soil? What dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

We confess we cannot see any necessity for Mr. Longfellow's having read these verses. A correspondent of the *Louisville Gazette* again furnishes us with the romantic story of an actual Hester Prynne, the name of Hawthorne's heroine in his new romance, the *Scarlet Letter*, and the lady is living in Western New York. Another resemblance is the coincidence of expression between a little poem published in our columns, by Mr. Cornelius Mathews, and the concluding sentence of Mr. Webster's letter, afterwards written, acknowledging the gift of the California gold chain. Mr. Mathews writes:—

"Like an arch the Union springs above us,  
Underneath in prosperous pomp we walk,  
Arch of peace and bow of fruitful promise," &c.,

and Daniel Webster:—

"Over them and over us, stands the broad arch  
of the Union, and long may it stand, as firm as the  
arches of heaven, and as beautiful as the bow  
which is set in the clouds."

Oddly enough, Mr. Mathews entitles his book from which the poem is taken "Eaglestone," and the name of the gentleman whose gift is acknowledged in the letter is almost identical.

The Paris papers state that the masses of ancient buildings which encircle the Hotel de Ville are being removed in order to isolate that edifice.

The *Patrie* says, "One of our friends received a few days ago a letter from Sir R. Peel. It contains this passage:—'I have no hesitation in giving my opinion on the present state of things in France. France is a diligence full of honest people stopped on the road by brigands, and which is waiting for the gendarmes.'"

A Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* says, "Dramas founded on the fearful events of the First Revolution, and bringing forward, in their proper names and persons, the great, sanguinary, and ferocious actors therein, are again the order of the day."

Michelet has brought out another volume of his *History of the First Revolution*, every page teeming with that vehement revolutionary enthusiasm which makes him so popular among the students.

A Paris letter says, "M. Guizot's book on *Democracy* has been prohibited in Austria by General Haynau. The calibre of Austrian politics may be judged from the fact that in that country M. Guizot is a revolutionist."

Letters from Vienna state, that the Governor, Baron Von Welden, has issued an order prohibiting every kind of illustration, wood-cut, or picture, in the public journals, until the state of siege shall be removed from the city.

The Emperor of Russia has issued an ukase commanding that a general census of the population throughout the whole of the empire, with the exception of the Circassian provinces, shall take place this year. The last census was made in 1833 and 1834.

We see it stated, in the continental papers, says the *Mining Journal*, that in consequence of the great quantity of produce extracted from the Ural Mines, the Emperor of Russia has, by an ukase, recently established at Cronstadt an imperial entrepot for the deposit of metallic productions, consisting of gold. Since the receipt at St. Petersburg of large accessions of the precious metals, there remained in the entrepot of that capital a very large aggregate, the produce of the mines of the Ural and the Lena. The amount named is 400,000,000 of gold, silver rubles of the value of less than a shilling each, say 9d. or 10d., making a sum of £15,000,000 sterling, being, we presume, the coin in which it is estimated.

Letters from Constantinople of the 2d instant state that a great sensation has been produced

there by the arrival of the beautiful Magyarine Dembinsky, the witness of the triumphs of Kosuth, and the faithful sharer of his exile, but who has chosen her liberty in preference to accompanying him into Kutachia. During her voyage from Varna, a scheme was laid for her abduction. This was happily discovered, and the British ambassador caused steps to be taken in the night for the security of the beautiful Hungarian, who is now under the special protection of Sir Stratford Canning. The *Elite* of Pera are said to be quite charmed with this great acquisition to their society; but it is apprehended that the frustration of the plot will give rise to serious dissensions.

The celebrated *danseuse* Taglioni and her husband, the Prince Alexander Trubezkoi, have been condemned to pay 6,400 livres to the Austrians at Milan as their share of fines imposed on the Liberal nobility.

In 1835 there were only six steam-vessels on the Rhone and Saone. According to an official return, there are now fifty-five, with an aggregate of 8,000 horse-power.

The life of a locomotive is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand miles; the value of a first-rate engine £2,500. It follows that every mile it runs costs just fourpence.

The *Illustrated News* gives us a new reading, from the Reporters' Gallery, of the House of Commons:—"In many particulars does the eye of the man skilled in town signs and tokens recognise the growing features of the season. He can see it in the Senate as in the street. A bird's-eye glance at the House of Commons—as the hands of the clock beneath the Speaker's gallery point towards midnight—furnishes a tolerable index to the number and brilliancy of the parties in Belgravia and Tyburnia. The 'white waistcoats' form the test. As the debate waxes late, and perhaps a little wearisome, the 'white waistcoats' begin to drop in almost like snow flakes. Sometimes they scatter themselves on back benches, whence, immediately, lusty 'Hear, hears,' or most emphatic and sonorous 'Oh, Oh's,' proceed. Sometimes they cluster together, like corks in a basin of water, towards the entrance; and then, amid the hum of whispered chat, and half smothered laughter, the Speaker's 'Order—order at the bar' is but an unregarded sound. As Mr. Drummond said the other night, 'What is the use of calling "order" to gentlemen with white waistcoats and sparkling eyes.'"

Several anecdotes of the late Sir William Allan, the distinguished Historical Painter, are preserved in the column of London "Town Talk," in the *Illustrated News*. The writer is the clever magazine contributor, Angus B. Reach—"The readers of the *Illustrated London News* are aware that Sir William Allan, the President of the Royal Scottish Academy, has just departed from amongst us, full of years and of honors. A friend visited the late President last winter. He was then engaged upon a great historical subject—the battle of Bannockburn, and laboring to depict the final charge of the Bruce upon the tottering English column, with a patriotic gusto which would have been very far from edifying to Mr. Elihu Burritt. 'I have another subject in my head,' said the painter, 'for a sister picture, the rout of the English on Stirling Bridge, where Wallace overthrew Cressingham. I shall grapple with that if I live.' Allan was emphatically a battle painter. The Duke of Wellington possesses his principal picture of Waterloo. 'Good,' said the Duke, when he saw it; 'good—not too much smoke.' The President began his career by painting coach panels. Allan and Alexander Fraser were fellow-apprentices in the workshop of Mr. Crichton, an Edinburgh coach-builder. When my friend stood lately by Sir William's easel, a little rough terrier sat close to the artist, continually looking up in his face. 'My constant and faithful companion,' said the painter; 'abroad and at home, at bed and board, he is

with me.' The fidelity of the poor dog has since been sadly manifested. After his master's death, he refused food, and the morning of the funeral the mute mourner expired. This is a literal fact."

Dickens, in his "Household Words," has a pleasant paper in the style of Sir Francis Head's descriptive articles in the *Quarterly*, on Railways, &c., giving an account of the interior of the London Post-Office on Valentine's Day. At a quarter before six in the afternoon, six being the latest hour at which newspapers can be posted without fee:—"It was then just drizzling newspapers. The great window of that department being thrown open, the first black fringe of a thunder-cloud of newspapers impending over the Post-Office was discharging itself fitfully—now in large drops, now in little; now in sudden plumps, now stopping altogether. By degrees it began to rain hard; by fast degrees the storm came on harder and harder, until it blew, rained, hailed, snowed, newspapers. A fountain of newspapers played in at the window. Water-spouts of newspapers broke from enormous sacks, and engulfed the men inside. A prodigious main of newspapers, at the Newspaper River Head, seemed to be turned on, threatening destruction to the miserable Post-Office. The Post-Office was so full already, that the window foamed at the mouth with newspapers. Newspapers flew out like froth, and were tumbled in again by the bystanders. All the boys in London seemed to have gone mad, and to be besieging the Post-Office with newspapers. Now and then there was a girl; now and then a woman; now and then a weak old man; but as the minute hand of the clock crept near to six, such a torrent of boys and such a torrent of newspapers came tumbling in together pell-mell, head over heels, one above another, that the giddy head looking on chiefly wondered why the boys springing over one another's heads, and flying the garter into the Post-Office with the enthusiasm of the corps of acrobats at M. Franconi's, didn't post themselves nightly, along with the newspapers, and get delivered all over the world." To which fanciful exhibition we may add this glimpse into the feelings of a "Sorter:—"As to the rooms, revealed through gratings in the well, traversed by the ascending and descending-room, and walked in by the visitors afterwards,—those enormous chambers, each with its hundreds of sorters busy over their hundreds of thousands of letters—those dispatching places of a business that has the look of being eternal and never to be disposed of or cleared away—those silent receptacles of countless millions of passionate words, for ever pouring through them like a Niagara of language, and leaving not a drop behind—what description could present them? But when a sorter goes home from these places to his bed, does he dream of letters? When he has a fever (sorters must have fevers sometimes) does he never find the Welsh letters getting into the Scotch divisions, and the London letters going to Jericho? When he gets a glass too much, does he see no double letters mis-sorting themselves unaccountably? When he is very ill, do no dead letters stare him in the face? And yonder dark, mysterious, ground-glass balcony high up in the wall, not unlike a church organ without the pipes—the screen from whence an unseen eye watches the sorters who are listening to temptation—when he has a nightmare, does he never dream of that?"

A Correspondent of the *Evening Post* has a word in defence of Carlyle at the expense of his American visitors:—"The frankness of Carlyle, who says the American nation consists of 'eighteen millions of the greatest bores that ever annoyed the earth,' gives, I perceive, some dissatisfaction in your country. The fact is, however, that if Carlyle has called the Americans bores, it is because he has found them so. He has never, that I have heard of, taken the pains to show his respect to a single American



stranger of whom he might hear that he was in England, by calling upon him; but hundreds of Americans have taken great pains to be admitted into his presence. He has been bored by calls from distinguished and undistinguished Americans, at all manner of times, for all manner of purposes. He has been bored by curious people from your country, who wanted to take a good look at a great man; by vain people who wanted to be able to say, when they got home, that they had seen and talked with Carlyle; he has been bored by philosophers from Massachusetts, talking transcendentalism, by Quakers and Quakeresses from New York and Pennsylvania, talking abolitionism, and by people of another sect, eulogizing the institution of slavery: he has been bored by zealous reformers, and bigoted conservatives, and Unitarian ministers, and writers for Godey's Lady's Book, and contributors to the North American Review, editors of newspapers, schoolmasters, itinerant lecturers, and poets.

### Publishers' Circular.

R. MORRIS & Co., of the Great Southern Agency, are authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions for this Journal. The different branches of this concern are as follows:—R. Morris & Co., Mississippi; R. Morris, McMaster & Co., Alabama; R. Morris, Robinson & Co., Tennessee; R. Morris, Shirley & Co., Louisiana; and R. Morris, Rhine & Co., Texas.

DEWITT & DAVENPORT announce a second edition of Cornelius Mathews's "Money-penny," the first having been disposed of on the first day of publication.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS announce for immediate publication from the advanced sheets, a new story by Charles Lever, entitled "The Daltons; or, Three Ways of Life;" and two new tales by Miss Bremer, "The Light House," and "Life in the North," translated from the unpublished Swedish Manuscript, by Mary Howitt. They have nearly ready "Reginald Hastings," by Eliot Warburton, Esq.; "The Conquest of Canada," by the same author; "The Pillars of Hercules," by Urquhart, and a new American novel entitled "Standish, the Puritan, a Tale of the American Revolution," by a Member of the New York Bar. They publish this week an octavo edition of Zanoni, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.

PUTNAM has ready this week Part 12 of David Copperfield, and the third number of Dickens's Household Words, with the third edition of St. Leger.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND have just issued a new edition of Cooper's novels in 32 volumes, neatly bound in muslin, on superior paper; the same publishers are preparing a revised edition of the Leather-Stocking Tales, uniform with Putnam's revised edition of the Sea Tales. They have just ready for publication the second and concluding part of Dumas's late work, "The Thousand and One Phantoms;" they have also nearly ready "Courtship and Marriage," by the author of the "Jilt;" "The Marrying Man," &c.

E. H. PEASE & Co., Albany, have in press Elements of Agriculture; or, the Connexion between Science and the Art of Practical Farming, by John P. Norton, M.A., Prof. of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, Editor of Stephens's Book of the Farm, &c., &c. 1 vol. 12mo.

H. F. ANNERS, Phila., has in press Bohn's New Handbook of Games, with an Appendix, containing many American Games, by an American editor, to be published in 4 parts, illustrated by 200 woodcuts and diagrams.

GEO. H. WHITNEY, Providence, has in press, A Report to the Corporation of Brown University on the Proposed Change in the System of Education, by Francis Wayland.

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, have in preparation, for early publication, "Macfarlane's Turkey and its Destiny," in 2 vols. royal 12mo.

Erman's Travels in Siberia, 2 vols. royal 12mo. Essays on Puerperal Fever, &c., edited by Fleetwood Churchill, M.D., 1 vol. 8vo. Langet's Treatise on Physiology, translated, with Notes, by F. G. Smith, M.D., 2 vols. 8vo., with cuts. Paget's Hungary and Transylvania, 2 vols. royal 12mo. Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England, 2 vols. crown 8vo., to match their edition of the "Chancellors;" and Carpenter's Prize Essay on the use of Alcoholic Liquors in Health and Disease.

JOHN PENINGTON, the well-known publisher of Philadelphia, has issued his Annual Catalogue of Curious, Valuable, and Useful Books, the contents of which fully bear out the promise of the title.

Miss Martineau has in progress a set of illustrations (truth in fiction) of Sanitary Principles, designed to serve the objects of the Sanitary Commission among those who never read the reports. Miss M. also meditates an expansion of her History of England, to include the whole period of the present half century, from 1800 to the end of the present year. Miss Martineau, too, is to be among the contributors to Dickens's "Household Words."

There is an announcement, says the *Manchester Examiner*, of the life and correspondence of Mr. WARD, the author of "Tremaine," a book and a man little known out of special circles; but whose social and political connexions were such as make the forthcoming work likely to be interesting. Poor Sir HARRIS NICOLAS's "Posthumous Letters and Journals of Sir HUDSON LOWE," are at last on the point of being "out," and are to show the whole truth about NAPOLEON's captivity at St. Helena. For the political and social inquirer, there are forthcoming a translation of CORVINUS's "Hungary, its Constitution and Catastrophe," and a work on "Christianity in Ceylon," by Sir J. EMERSON TENNANT. And, lastly, to that omnivorous person, the general reader, is promised a narrative of hairbreadth accidents in flood and field in the shape of "Four Years' Adventures of a Hunter in the Wilderness of South Africa," by Mr. CUMMING GORDON, of Altyre, a dashing Highland laird, who has killed lions and hippopotamuses beyond number in the memory of man.

The Fourth Estate; a History of the Newspaper Press, by F. Knight Hunt, 2 vols. post 8vo., is announced by Bogue.

Among the contents of the new number of the Quarterly Review are articles on Giacomo Leopardi and his writings, Grote's Greece, Louis Philippe, &c.

Mr. Murray's American publications have been further invaded by the cheap republication of Mr. Melville's Typee and Omoo at one shilling each.

Colburn announces Miss Bremer's new work, "An Easter Offering," translated by Mary Howitt from the unpublished Swedish MS.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 13TH TO THE 27TH OF APRIL.

- Abbott (Jacob).—History of Cyrus the Great. Illust. 12mo. pp. 229 (Harper & Bros.).  
American Musical Review, and Choir Singers' Companion. 8 Nos. per annum. 8vo. pp. 16 (Huntington & Savage).  
American Railway Guide for the United States. Map. 12mo. pp. 92 (C. Dismore).  
Bradbury (Wm. B.).—Sabbath School Melodies and Family Choir. Oblong 12mo. (M. H. Newman & Co.).  
Browne (D. J.).—The American Bird Fancier, Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 107 (C. M. Saxton).  
Burdett (C.).—The Elliott Family. 12mo. pp. 162 (Baker & Scribner).  
Barrington (A.).—A Treatise on Physical Geography. Edited by Charles Burdett. 12mo. pp. 420 (M. H. Newman & Co.).  
California Sketches, with Recollections of the Gold Mines. 12mo. pp. 57 (Albany: E. B. Pease & Co.).  
Carlyle (T.).—Later Day Pamphlets. No. 3, Downing street. 12mo. pp. 30 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.).  
Cobb (J. B.).—The Creole; or, Siege of New Orleans. By Joseph B. Cobb. 8vo. pp. 131 (Phila.: A. Hart).  
Copland (J., M.D., F.R.S.).—A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. Part XXI. 8vo. pp. 144 (Harper & Bros.).  
Cooper (J. F.).—The Ways of the Hour; a Tale. 16mo. pp. 312 (G. P. Putnam).  
Day (S. M.).—Pencilings of Light and Shade. 12mo. pp. 70 (Schenectady: G. Y. Van Deogart, 89 State st.).  
Eaton (G. W.).—The True Aim of Life: an Oration before the Literary Societies of Union College, July 31, 1819. 8vo. pp. 44 (Schenectady: G. Y. Van Deogart).

Headley (P. C.).—Historical and Descriptive Sketches of the Women of the Bible. Illustrated. 12mo. pp. 284 (Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co.).

History of the Strange Sounds; or, Rappings heard in Rochester and Western New York, and usually called The Mysterious Noises! which are supposed by many to be Communications from the Spirit World; together with all the Explanation that can as yet be given of the Matter. 12mo. pp. 79 (Rochester: D. M. Deney).

King (T. B.).—Report of, on California. 8vo. pp. 34 (W. Gowan).

Linn (Wm.).—The Legal and Commercial Common-Place Book, containing the Decisions of the United States and State Courts on Bills of Exchange, Checks, and Promissory Notes. 8vo. pp. 294 (Ithaca, N. Y.: Andrus, Gauntlett & Co.).

Maid of Orleans; a Romantic Chronicle. By the Author of "Whitefriars." 8vo. pp. 188 (Harper & Bros.).

Mathews (Cornelius).—Money-penny; or, the Heart of the World. A Romance of the Present Day. 8vo. pp. 270 (Dewitt & Davenport).

May'low (Bros.).—The Fear of the World; or, Living for Appearances. Illustrated by Kenny Meadows. 8vo. pp. 96 (Harper & Bros.).

Old Jolliffe; Sequel to, Written in the same Spirit by the same Spirit. 12mo. pp. 81 (Boston: Munroe & Co.).

Pragay (J.).—Outlines of the Prominent Circumstances attending the Hungarian Struggle for Freedom. 16mo. pp. 177 (G. P. Putnam).

Pulszky (Theresia).—Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady. With an Historical Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. 12mo. pp. 375 (Phila.: Lea & Blanchard).

Saints (X. B.).—Woman's Whims. Trans. by Fayette Robinson. 12mo. pp. 98 (Baker & Scribner).

Sale (G.).—The Koran. Translated, with Explanatory Notes and a Preliminary Discourse. 8vo. pp. 670 (Phila.: J. W. Moore).

Savage (John).—Lays of the Fatherland. 12mo. pp. 120 (J. S. Redfield).

Scott (Sir W.).—Heart of Mid Lothian—Ivanhoe. 8vo. pp. 164, 132 (Phila.: A. Hart).

Seward (Wm. H.).—Life and Public Services of J. Q. Adams. 12mo. pp. 404 (Auburn: Derby, Miller & Co.).

Simms (W. G.).—Sabbath Lyrics; or, Songs from Scripture. A Christmas Gift of Love. 8vo. pp. 72. (Charleston: Walker & James).

Starling (Elizabeth).—Noble Deeds of Woman; or, Examples of Female Courage and Virtue. 12 illust. 12mo. pp. 470. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.).

Stevens (Alex. H., M.D., LL.D.).—Annual Address before the N.Y. State Medical Society, Feb. 6th, 1850. 8vo. pp. 33. (Albany).

Stephens (H.) and Norton (Prof. J. P. of Yale College).—The Farmers' Guide to Scientific and Practical Agriculture. Illust. No. 1. 8vo. pp. 64 (L. Scott & Co.).

Students (The); a Drama in Five Acts. 12mo. pp. 103 (Berford & Co.).

The Origin of the Material Universe; with a Description of the Manner of the Formation of the Earth. 12mo. pp. 63. (Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.).

The True Defence of Prof. Webster, being reported as spoken by himself in his Cell after conviction. 8vo. pp. 14. (Dewitt & Davenport).

Whitley (T. W.).—The Jesuit; a National Melo-Drama, in Three Acts. 8vo. pp. 26. (Dem. Review Press).

Williams (Rev. W. R.).—Miscellanies. 8vo. pp. 391. (E. B. Fletcher.)

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